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## Daily Mirror



SEE NEXT PAGE.

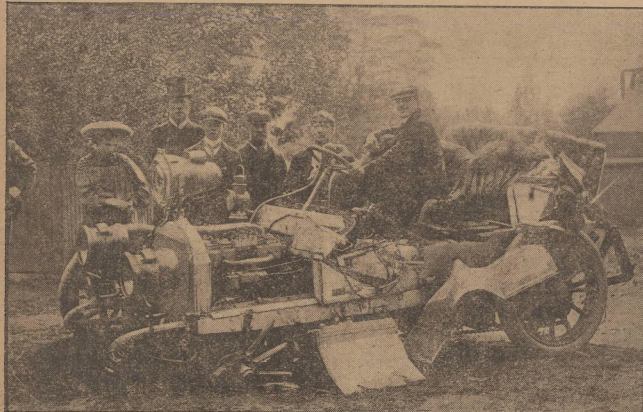
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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## ACCIDENTS: CARTS AND MOTOR-CARS.

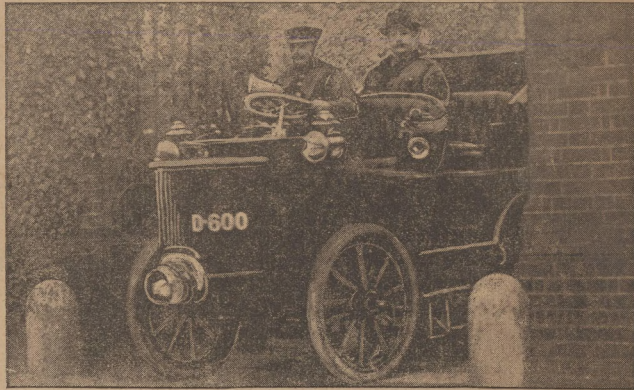


It is alleged by anti-motorists that motor-cars do more damage in accidents than any other form of vehicle. This car was returning from Great Yarmouth, when, at the top of Brook-street-hill, Brentwood, it collided with a hay cart, with the disastrous result to itself as seen above.



While this cart, which was overturned at Hanwell, fell across the pathway, damaging some shops in the street.

## THE THANET ELECTION CAMPAIGN.



Mr. Marks, the Unionist candidate, leaving Callie Court on his motor-car on a tour of the constituency. His opponents complain that his chauffeur is a Frenchman.



This shop is Mr. King's, the Liberal candidate's, headquarters at Ramsgate, and is only distant by two doors from Mr. Marks's base of campaign. Generally speaking, the Conservative candidate makes the more lavish display with his political pictorial posters, but here, at any rate, Mr. King runs him very close.

## THE LONDONER'S MICHAELMAS GOOSE.



It is a popular tradition that we eat goose on Michaelmas Day. The custom probably grew out of the feudal system of tenants bringing with their quarter's rent a good fat goose as a present to their lord. But there are two other explanations of the time-immemorial usage. One is that Queen Bess was dissecting one of these birds when she heard the news of the defeat of the Armada; but the Armada was defeated in July. Another legend says that St. Martin was tormented by a goose, which he killed and ate. The dates, however, do not coincide, as St. Martin's Day is in November. Anyhow, the custom has survived, and there were as many geese as ever on the London market yesterday. The first picture shows a flock of geese; and in the second can be seen the birds on sale at Leadenhall Market.









## Rain of Shells Falls on Port

Arthur.

### TERRIBLE CARNAGE.

#### Russian Fleet Makes an Ineffective Dash.

Port Arthur is still holding out heroically against the relentless attacks of the Japanese, now prolonged over a period of nine days.

Admiral Stoessel says the enemy's fleet is raining shells on the port, while from the land a perfect tornado of fire is being poured into the town.

The carnage is more terrible than ever, and how much longer the gallant garrison can maintain their ground it is impossible to say. Everything, however, points to a speedy end of the appalling destruction of life and property which this unparalleled siege has witnessed.

There is an unconfirmed report that the Russian fleet has made a sortie, and been driven back with loss.

The Russians near Mukden have detected an offensive movement on the part of the Japanese, and a great battle is regarded as imminent. Each side numbers about a quarter of a million men, and sudden developments are expected which will bring the rival armies to close grips.

### REPORTED SORTIE.

#### Japanese Raining Shells on Port Arthur.

ROME, Thursday.—According to a telegram received here from the commander of the Italian squadron in the Far East, the Russian warships at Port Arthur made a sortie, but were soon surrounded by the vessels of the Japanese fleet, and obliged to re-enter the harbour, after sustaining considerable damage.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

PARIS, Thursday.—The "Matin" contains a St. Petersburg telegram which says:—

"Dispatches which have reached Peterhof from General Stoessel indicate that the Japanese fleet off Port Arthur is co-operating now more actively with the land forces, and is raining shells on the port, while the enemy's troops, masters of three new positions, are now pouring a perfect tornado of fire into the town.

"The extraordinary ardour of the Japanese gives rise to the belief that fresh forces have come to give them renewed vigour. The carnage now is more terrible than ever, for the defenders, who hitherto have been able to fight almost under cover, are now exposed to the plunging fire of the enemy at many points."—Reuter.

### YAMA MOVES FORWARD.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—The officers of the General Staff state that the latest telegrams from the seat of war indicate that the Japanese have begun an offensive movement along the eastern and southern fronts.—Reuter.

PARIS, Thursday.—The Mukden correspondent of the "Journal" says that the Japanese are now displaying prodigious activity, and seem to be preparing for a general attack.

Their movements are observed by the Russians from a captive military balloon.

All appearances point to the imminence of a great battle.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

### MINISTER'S TRUSTFUL ATTITUDE.

In a speech yesterday, Prince Nurski, the new Minister of the Interior, said:—"The work of government, to be fruitful, must be founded upon a sincerely benevolent and sincerely trustful attitude towards the communal representative institutions and towards the people. Only under such conditions is it possible to secure mutual confidence for our work. Without it, it is useless to expect any lasting success in the administration of State."—Reuter.

### RUSSIAN PICTURES DAMAGED.

ST. LOUIS, Thursday.—Several valuable oil paintings of the Emperor Nicholas, in the Russian exhibit at the World's Fair, were discovered this morning torn off the walls and mutilated.—Reuter.

### KAISER TO VISIT ENGLAND.

Several German papers announce that the Kaiser intends to visit England in November in order to return King Edward's visit to Kiel. The Emperor will most probably make the voyage in the battleship Kaiser Wilhelm II.

## Cruiser's Crew Wren Their Foe's Admiration.

Reuter's correspondent at Tokio sends a graphic account of the battle between the Russian Vladivostok squadron and the Japanese warships, which ended in the sinking of the Russian cruiser Rurik.

He describes how the Japanese cut off the retreat of the Russian vessels, and the last-named finding themselves in an unbearable position slowly turned, throwing the Rurik nearest the Japanese, at a distance of some four thousand yards.

"Immediately the guns of the whole squadron were turned on this one craft.

### FOUR HOURS' DEADLY FIGHT.

"The Rurik by this time was not only on fire, but had lost her steering gear. She tried to go on, but could only turn round and round like a winged bird.

"The Russia and Gromovoi were soon in flames as well. Lusting to port and sinking by the stern, a great tearing shell-hole gaping to the sea, the Rurik kept up the fight for four hours.

"The other vessels, after circling round the helpless cruiser, doing their best to drive off the attacking ships, were forced to flee to the north to save themselves."

Even in this terrible condition the Rurik was able to steam away for over an hour, and managed to show a clean pair of heels to her pursuers.

### WOUNDED LASHED TO PLANKS.

"With only two vessels against her the Rurik assumed the offensive, and was literally riddled by the Japanese fire. The water was rushing in through the hole in her stern, and though she continued to fire the end was not long.

"The Russian sailors kept jumping overboard, leaving the vessel to her certain fate. She continued to settle, then suddenly threw her prow into the air and shot down vertically.

"The surface of the ocean was dotted with the bobbing heads of the crew struggling in the water to save some stray bit of wood to which they might cling. Many of the wounded lay, before jumping overboard, bound themselves to planks and pieces of wood large enough to keep them afloat."

### BRAVE AND DIGNIFIED RUSSIANS.

The Japanese stood by and sent out their boats, rescuing in all some 612 men. The rescue parties even saved a bird-cage and several of the Russians' pet songsters.

Admiral Kamimura was much impressed by the bravery of the Russians in action, and by their graceful submission to the inevitable—fighting to the very last, standing by their guns until their vessel sank beneath them, and then surrendering without a murmur. The attitude of the prisoners seems to have been most dignified.

Admiral Kamimura asked one of the officers about the reported internal disorders in Russia. The Russian merely bowed, and said that he had no information to impart on that subject.

### THRICE SAVED.

#### Sailor Who Could Not Succeed in Getting Drowned.

ST. PETERSBURG, Thursday.—In the Port Arthur Journal, "Novy Krai," the case is related of a Russian bluejacket who "three times could not succeed in getting drowned."

The man was saved from the Petropavlovsk disaster; was one of the survivors from the destroyer Strashni; and, finally, managed to escape a third time from the Rastopyr.

The sinking of the Strashni seems to have impressed him most. "The engines were disabled," he says, "so I went on deck, where I found a heap of my comrades lying dead. The captain had been killed, and the second in command was working a machine-gun. I went below to the engine-room again, but, as that compartment was full of water, I returned to the deck, and then once more I had to go overboard and swim for my life. The destroyer sank and I swam about until I was picked up by the Bayan.

"And now, after having saved myself three times, I have been put down for a shore billet."—Reuter.

### ATTACKED WITH A HAMMER.

The consumptive youth, Edward Augustus Freeman, was again remanded at West London yesterday charged with a murderous assault with a hammer on the little girl, Violet Jeffery, at 43, Askew-crescent, Shepherd's Bush.

A boy of seven said he heard Freddy Jeffery crying, and he came out into the street and said his sister was dead. Afterwards Freeman left the house. Violet Jeffery is progressing favourably.

### BECALMED WITHOUT FOOD.

On the arrival at Plymouth yesterday of the ss. Golconda the captain reported having handed provisions in the Bay of Biscay to the starving crew of a French barque which had been becalmed for

For forty-eight hours the crew had been without either food or water.

## The King Kept Daily Advised of Her Condition.

Lady Curzon is making a brave battle for her life.

Though not yet considered to be out of danger, her condition last night continued to be satisfactory. Inquiries at Walmer Castle showed that the patient had passed a good day and had gained a little strength.

It was stated that the serum treatment continues to be used with beneficial effects.

Sir Thomas Barlow and the other medical gentlemen remain at the castle.

Yesterday afternoon Lady Curzon's two little daughters were taken out by the Hon. Frank Curzon for a drive in the electric brougham, and returned to the castle shortly after five o'clock.

The King manifests the greatest sympathy in Lady Curzon's illness, and is kept daily advised of her ladyship's condition by Sir Thomas Barlow.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—At the Diocesan Convention the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the request of Bishop Potter, offered up a prayer for the recovery of Lady Curzon.—Laffan.

### ENGLISHMAN'S BRAVERY.

#### Jumped Into a Heavy Sea to Rescue a Boy.

While a passenger on the French steamer Saghalien, from Madagascar to Marseilles, Captain Maurice Mackenzie performed a conspicuous act of bravery.

During a gale of wind a cabin boy engaged in tightening the weather cloths on the bridge fell overboard, and was speedily engulfed in the heavy seas.

Seizing a life-belt, Captain Mackenzie unhesitatingly jumped overboard, and fighting the waves with herculean strength managed to reach the boy before he finally disappeared.

Fully half an hour elapsed before a boat could reach them, owing to the fury of the seas, but both were finally rescued completely exhausted.

On reaching the steamer Captain Mackenzie received a great ovation, the band of the ship playing "God Save the King" in honour of his nationality.

### QUEEN AND DEAD SCIENTIST.

#### Her Majesty Attends the Funeral of Professor Finsen.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.—The funeral of the late Professor Finsen took place at noon to-day.

The service at the Frederick Church was attended by the King of Denmark and the King of the Hellenes, the Crown Prince of Denmark, and the entire Cabinet.

Queen Alexandra occupied a seat in the transept. The coffin was hidden beneath a mass of beautiful wreaths, among which were tributes from King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal Family, the German Emperor, and the German Imperial Chancellor.—Reuter.

### INSULTING AN AUTHOR.

#### Pierre Loti Likely to Appear in the Role of a Duellist.

Paris is excited over the prospect of a duel, in which Pierre Loti, the author of "Madame Chrysanthème" and many other charming works, is likely to take part.

Pierre Loti is, in real life, Captain Viaud, who commands the French warship "Le Tautou," which is now stationed in the waters of the Bosphorus.

He was being rowed back to his vessel when a boat passed in which were Colonel Blaque-Bey, the Count of Saavedra, Councillor of Spain; M. Poin, of the Greek Legation; and M. Achille Loran, who was with his wife.

Pierre Loti saluted, but the Spaniard, the Greek, and M. Loran did not return the compliment.

The Spaniard and Greek excused themselves on the ground of shortsight and inadvertence. But M. Loran offered no excuse, and wishes to fight the author.

M. Bapst, the French Chargé d'Affaires, has intervened in the cause of peace with the smallest success, and things must take their course.

### PRINCESS CHRISTIAN FALLS.

DUNDRE (Natal), Thursday.—Princess Christian and her daughter, Princess Victoria, arrived here this morning, and were received by the officials, who presented their Royal Highnesses with bouquets.

As Princess Christian was leaving the platform she caught her foot on one of the steps, falling heavily. The Princess, on being assisted to rise, was found to be unhurt, though somewhat shaken.—Reuter.

## America and the Scorching Diplomat.

### MUCH ADD ABOUT LITTLE.

It is probable that Mr. Gurney, the scorching Secretary of Embassy at Washington, whose inept created a diplomatic difficulty between Great Britain and America, will be recalled.

Mr. Phelps, the Massachusetts magistrate before whom he was summoned, was, of course, in error in fining him for exceeding the legal speed. America recognizes that the fine was a breach of diplomatic privilege, and the fine has been remitted, and an official apology presented for the magistrate's act.

But the magistrate is not prepared to admit that he is deserving of the whole blame for the unfortunate incident. His "expression of regret" states, that ignorance of the law should be required. Mr. Bates, the Governor of Massachusetts, has conveyed to the State Department at Washington.

This suggestion is that the attention of Sir Mortimer Durand should be called to the breach of the laws of Massachusetts committed by Mr. Gurney, Mr. Bates believing that the Ambassador will take such action as the law should require.

The New York newspapers refuse to believe that the incident will end with the apology. They refer to the seriousness of offending against the motor speed limit imposed by the Massachusetts State laws, and are inclined to believe that the British authorities will regard Mr. Gurney's action in claiming diplomatic privilege under such circumstances as a blunder.

It is generally thought he may be withdrawn from Washington.

Meanwhile the Governor, in his communication to the State Department, expresses regret. Reuter states that ignorance of the law should have resulted in an error on the part of a judicial authority in Massachusetts.

### STYLISH LADY SWINDLER.

#### Obtains £4,000 Worth of Jewels From Unsuspecting Paris Tradesmen.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Thursday Night.—St. Lazare Prison, notorious in Paris as the special goal for female prisoners, contains a new and distinguished occupant.

On the police-books she appears as Mme. Moelly.

For a long time the fashionable jewellers have been victimised by a stylish lady.

Detectives were employed to track the adventuress, and yesterday while two of them were watching a palatial mansion in the Avenue d'Elan she saw Mme. de Moelly drive up in a superb victoria drawn by two magnificent black horses.

As the lady alighted one of the detectives stepped forward, and, explaining his mission, asked Madame to follow him, but she quickly jumped back into the vehicle, and ordered the coachman to whip up his horses.

The detectives, however, jumped in after her and, as further resistance appeared futile, she submitted to be driven to the police headquarters.

Madame is only thirty-two years of age, and it is believed that she has obtained £4,000 worth of property from the confiding jewellers.

### THE DAY AND THE BIRD.

Yesterday was Michaelmas Day—moving day and goose day, and the leading City and West End poultryers were making a particularly temperate show of the popular bird.

Huge consignments of English and Irish geese were received in Leadenhall Market, and Cornbridgeshire and Norfolk birds, averaging 12lb. in weight, were sold at prices varying from 6s. 6d. upwards. Thousands of orders were executed, but a bigger demand is expected in a few days.

A leading poultryer declared that the geese were of better quality than they had been for twenty years.

### AMERICA'S OCEAN GIANT.

America's biggest ship, the Minnesota, has just been built, and is to be commissioned shortly on the service between San Francisco and the Far East. It has the greatest cargo capacity of any vessel in the world, being capable of carrying 23,000 tons.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Variable to freshening southerly winds; foggy at first; cloudy later, with rain by afternoon or evening; normal temperature.

Lighting-up time: 6.40 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth, with fog in the east; moderate to rather rough in the south; rough in the west.



German Fraulein Worshipped as "Messiah."

## VOICES IN A TRANCE.

Piggott, the Clapton "Messiah," has found a rival in the fanatical business. This time the "Messiah" is a girl, belonging to Annaberg, a village in the Erzberg district of Germany.

The workpeople in this district are very poor and superstitious. They are constantly founding new religious sects of increasing strangeness.

The latest sect is grouped round a fair-haired, blue-eyed, modest, fifteen-year-old girl, through whom these simple people earnestly believe Christ speaks.

### Talking in Her Sleep.

The fact that this little maiden spoke in her sleep was regarded as a miracle, especially as she quoted scripture. Encouraged by her relatives, she now throws herself into a kind of trance, during which she makes semi-Biblical utterances.

The news of this sect recently reached the police, who appeared at one of their services. The believers were seated on a hill just outside the town, and upon the summit on a green velvet cushion reclined the girl.

After the police had heard enough blasphemy they proceeded to arrest her. They were attacked by her adherents, and a fight ensued which kept the local court busy with assault cases for several days.

They, however, succeeded, and the girl was placed in a hospital. As nothing seemed to be the matter with her she was released.

### Frenzied Audience.

Since this affair the sect has held outsiders at a distance, but a German journalist was allowed to attend one of the services. The audience was in a state bordering upon frenzy. The girl fell into a trance, and then in a strange voice said: "Peace be with you. I am Christ."

As she spoke all her hearers removed strange coverings they had placed upon their heads. The voice went on to say that its owner had chosen this foolish girl to speak through because she was honest. Then followed a strange jargon of religious phrases.

The curious feature about this voice was that it spoke pure German.

When the voice finished people were sobbing and writhing upon the floor in a sort of religious ecstasy.

## MADMAN IN PULPIT ROBES.

Tears Bibles, Breaks Chapel Windows, and Runs Thirty Miles.

By climbing a 16ft. wall, an able-bodied man, who was an inmate of the Baintree Workhouse, escaped from the institution on the night before he was to have been removed to the county asylum.

He immediately made for the Unitarian Chapel, entering by a window, and then proceeded to smash up the place.

He tore Bibles to fragments, broke the offertory-boxes, pulled down the hanging oil-lamps, battered the front of the organ, and walked around the chapel with a brick in his hand, smashing every pane of glass in the place.

The madman next went to a neighbouring parish church, where he put on the clergyman's robes. In this attire he dashed across thirty miles of country, and had got out of Essex and well into Suffolk before he was captured.

## PERSONALITIES IN THANET.

The Late Member's Good Opinion of Mr. Harry Marks.

In the Tory stronghold of Thanet the political fight is being waged mainly upon the ground of the fitness or unfitness of Mr. Harry Marks, the Conservative candidate, to represent the constituency.

It is said that many Tories have gone over to the side of the Liberal candidate, Mr. King.

The bet about the German barber Mr. Marks was alleged to employ is off. The candidate has got back his half-sovereign and the tradesman his shilling.

Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., has written a letter to the chairman of the Conservative Association in Thanet which ought to do Mr. Marks some good.

"Mr. Lowther," he says, "once asked me if an opportunity arose to tell Mr. Marks of his good wishes for his success. It was at Mr. Lowther's suggestion that Mr. Marks addressed a meeting of members of the House of Commons this year on the subject of tariff reform."

A porter at Holborn Viaduct railway station, defendant in a judgment summons yesterday, said that this year there has been a great falling off in tips, a circumstance which he could not explain.

Letters to the Editor.  
Drama.

Behind the tragic discovery in a temperance hotel at Liverpool when the dead body of Mrs. Isabella MacKenzie was found lying across the prostrate form of Allan Muir, a ship's steward, lies a terrible story of domestic unhappiness.

The painful details were revealed at the inquest on the woman yesterday, when the jury found Muir guilty of murder.

Mrs. MacKenzie was a stewardess on the same boat as Muir, and the infatuation they conceived for each other led to a violent scene between Muir and his wife. The result was, according to his story, that he and Mrs. MacKenzie agreed to die together. Both took equal doses of belladonna and opium. The woman died, but Muir recovered.

In one of the letters which the police found in his possession, addressed "To My Darling Children," he alleged that his wife had ruined him, and that she was the cause of all his trouble.

Another letter accused a man at Glasgow of having ruined two lives and brought disgrace on his children. "My dear and I," the letter continued, "are going to another world. We love each other dearly, and are going to die together. May God forgive us for what we are going to do."

To Mrs. Muir herself he addressed the following message: "I sincerely hope the children will not take after you. May your soul be cursed."

From the evidence, it appeared that on one occasion Muir took Mrs. MacKenzie to his home and introduced her to his wife as "the woman I love," and Mrs. MacKenzie, at his request, kissed one of the children.

It was shortly after this interview, which caused Mrs. Muir to attack her husband with a poker in an access of fury, that the tragedy took place at the hotel.

## DISSIPATION AND BLACKMAIL.

Tilted Lover Confesses to Defalcations Amounting to £10,000.

A sensational confession of hypocrisy by a well-known Birmingham man has been received by a Coventry solicitor.

The writer is Charles Louis Bedford, a man well known in the commercial and religious life of Birmingham, who has disappeared. He admits, it is said, defalcations amounting to £10,000.

Bedford, who is a surveyor and house agent, in his confession attributes his downfall to the breaking off of his engagement with a young lady some years ago.

He immediately plunged into a life of dissipation, and he soon got into trouble. Then he fell into the hands of unscrupulous people, who blackmailed him, and having once taken a step in the wrong direction the rest was easy.

The matter was placed in the hands of the police, and a warrant was issued. But Bedford had fully a week's start, and so far the police have been unable to trace him.

## FLEAS, RATS, AND PLAGUE.

Theory of the Cause of the Case in the Tyne.

Bites by fleas that had first bitten Hamburg rats are blamed for the case of bubonic plague in the Tyne, on board the steamer Bishopgate, which had come from Hamburg.

The case was discovered a week ago, but owing to the visit of the Channel Fleet it was concealed from the public.

A number of dead rats on the Bishopgate attracted the attention of the port authorities and the vessel was promptly disinfected.

Dr. Harker diagnosed the illness of the boatswain as bubonic plague, and he sent a sample of the patient's blood to the Local Government Board.

Professor Klein, the Government expert, has since telegraphed concurrence in Dr. Harker's diagnosis.

Numbers of doctors have visited the floating hospital to study the case.

## WOMAN CHARGED WITH GHASTLY CRIME.

At Camarvon yesterday Mary Ann Williams, of Glandor, Llanro, was charged with the murder of an octogenarian named Jane Williams, who lived in a small farmhouse in the same neighbourhood, and also with attempting to cut her throat with a razor.

The accused, who is thirty-one years of age, was remanded for eight days.

## MISS VARLEY'S GOOD LUCK.

The portrait of the young lady published in Wednesday's *Daily Mirror* in the Crystal Palace competition proves to be that of Miss E. Varley, of 300, Rotherhithe-street, Rotherhithe.

She called at the *Mirror* office yesterday afternoon, and received 5s. and a fountain pen.

Letters to the Editor.  
In Prison.

When John Lee is again a free man—as he is expected to be shortly—after his long term of penal servitude, the woman who promised to be his bride will not be found waiting to receive him.

The gallows refused three times to hang Lee, but this woman could not refuse to disappoint him, despite her pledges of devotion.

It is stated that she married a labourer within a twelvemonth of Lee's incarceration.

She lived four years happily with her husband, and then left him and her daughter, now a young woman of seventeen.

Such is the romance of John Lee, whose sentence of death was commuted for the extraordinary reason that he thrice offered his neck to the gallows without avail.

The full story of the crime is told on page 10.

## RISKS OF THE RAIL.

Lives of Engine-Drivers Shortened by Bustle and Fear.

The risks run by engine-drivers through the altering conditions of traffic are to be discussed at the coming meeting of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

"The public want bigger trains and quicker trains, and they demand punctuality," said an engine-driver yesterday to a *Mirror* representative.

"Risks are commonly run to make up lost time on a journey, for late trains injure a line's reputation, and so the companies deal harshly with drivers, who know that their retention of their job depends on a reputation for running to time."

"It is extremely dangerous, but the public do not realise it. The anxiety falls upon the engine-driver."

"It will be stated at the forthcoming meeting that the average working life of an engine-driver has been reduced by eight or ten years during the last strenuous quarter of a century."

## IRVING AND THE WAVES.

Sunderland Visit Recalls the Seaside Rehearsals of His Youth.

Sunderland looks eagerly forward to the visit of Sir Henry Irving, and a strong reception committee, headed by the mayor, has been formed to entertain the great actor, who is now making his valedictory tour of the country.

Sir Henry's forthcoming visit to Sunderland will be his second. It was at Sunderland that he made his first appearance on any stage.

That was in 1856, when he played the part of the Duke of Orleans in "Richelieu."

The following Christmas he played in a comic pantomime, and during the day the young actor used to go over to Roker—Sunderland's charming seaside resort—and rehearse his part to the waves from the beach, as Demosthenes did on the shore of the Aegean Sea some considerable time ago when practising oratory.

The Lyceum Theatre, in which he first performed, was twice burned down, and on its site now stands a Salvation Army citadel.

## "TO LET THE DEAD LOOSE."

Maniac Attempts To Open Graves with a Bunch of Keys.

A series of extraordinary pranks are alleged against a mechanic named William Arthur Coates, of West Bromwich.

Maddened with drink, he went into a chemist's shop, and after buying some chloride of potash pulled out a bunch of keys and said they were the keys of the graves at Christ Church.

He announced his intention of shortly visiting the graveyard, and lending all the dead to loose.

He added that he had the keys of Heaven and hell. He proceeded to Christ Church, where the caretaker later heard a sound of hammering, and found him in the interior of the organ, surrounded by the debris of the mechanism. The trailers of the great organ had been stripped completely, and the connection had been broken between the keys and the pipes.

The caretaker locked him in the loft and went for the police.

Coates told the magistrates yesterday that he was mad with drink, which had been his downfall. His father, he said, was a master of arts and a teacher at Cheltenham College.

A remand was ordered.

## HORSES AS MOURNERS.

At the funeral, yesterday, of Mr. Arthur Pryor, a Deputy-Lieutenant for Essex, the coffin was borne to Wedford Church in one of his farm-wagons, and eight of his horses walked in the positions of bearers.

This was the wish of Mr. Pryor.

Mrs. Brown-Potter Dresses to Suit the Sentiment.

## PICTURESQUE PLAY.

At the Savoy Theatre last night Mrs. Brown-Potter commenced a season of management by the production of "The Golden Light," a play in which it has for some time been understood that Mrs. Brown-Potter's gowns were to be of the nature of a sensation.

And they were! It might be hazarded that they represented the four seasons in melodious tones of successive green, gold and white, purple and grey.

It could not possibly be contested that Mrs. Brown-Potter's entry in the first act was deliciously vernal!

To her husband, who was susceptible to draughts, she appeared from high up upon a staircase, clad in clinging, flimsy greens, carrying an impossibly enormous bunch of hawthorn blossoms, but, with her gorgeous red hair enhanced by the greenery and the blossoms, and her ineradicable impulse to open windows and to let in the fresh air, suggesting an absolute vision of the irresistible impulses of the spring.

### Inconvenient Husband.

Her husband was a highly inconvenient individual, only redeemed by a convenient failure of the heart, which one felt could be relied upon for the last act.

He had not only a tendency to check all his wife's impulses of charming tenderness towards himself, but he had, in addition, a cousin, newly arrived from India.

George Dane, the cousin—the husband was Henry Dane—promptly fell in love with Clare (the wife of Henry), and, in the third act, he told her that he loved her, and she responded sympathetically.

### Imperial Purple Gown.

By this time Clare (who was of course Mrs. Brown-Potter) had progressed, in the matter of frocks, as far as an Imperially emotional conception of all the purples.

Upon this tender scene appeared Henry Dane (Mr. W. L. Abington), with conceivable remonstrances. Whereupon heart-failure instantly laid him low!

In the final act, at Ajaccio, in Corsica, Clare, now all in penitential, pearly grey, soothed the last hours of her superfluous husband.

The play was of a rather obviously sentimental order, but it was put together with a decided knowledge of stage effect, well-mounted, and exquisitely dressed.

It was also well-acted, Mrs. Brown-Potter floating always delightfully and dreamily through a part that really could not be seriously thought of in the terms of real life.

A pretty and vivacious dance (also in emotional frocks) added to the attractions bestowed by "The Golden Light."

## LIBERAL CABINET

Mr. "Toby, M.P.," Thinks Will Govern the Country.

Mr. H. W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.") contributes to the "Nineteenth Century" an interesting article, in which he prophesies a Liberal victory at the next election and forecasts a Cabinet of which the chief features are:—

Premier	.....	Earl Spencer.
Foreign Secretary	.....	Sir Charles Dilke.
Lord Chancellor	.....	Mr. Haldane.
Lord President of the Council	.....	Mr. John Morley.
First Lord of the Treasury and Leader of the House of Commons	.....	Mr. Asquith.
Chancellor of the Exchequer	.....	Mr. Fletcher Moulton.
Home Secretary	.....	Mr. Thomas Shaw.
Colonial Secretary	.....	Sir Edward Grey.
Secretary for War	.....	Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman (with a peerage).
Secretary for India	.....	Sir Henry Fowler.

Mr. Lloyd-George is suggested for Under-Secretary for the Home Office.

"Earl Spencer's claim to the Liberal Premiership is established on the basis of long and conspicuous service," says Mr. Lucy. "But if Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman insists on the reversion of the Premiership, it will be difficult to withhold it."

It is certain, according to "Toby, M.P.," that Lord Rosebery will decline any overtures towards collaboration.

## BAD TRADE AND DISTRESS.

East London is already in the clutch of distress, and the prospects for the winter are worse than for many years past. The local councils are calling on the L.C.C. to provide relief work.

In the pottery the distress is greater than for many years past. Trade generally is bad, and several factories are only working from three to four days a week. The local councils are trying to employ as many men as possible in laying out parks and in sanitary work, but the streets are paraded by many unemployed. At Stoke-on-Trent an association has been formed to relieve distress.



## Singular Charge Against a City Merchant.

### "TAKING MEASUREMENTS."

As the result of a statement made on oath by Miss Kathleen Major, a young lady clerk in the employment of George Cooper, the latter has been arrested, and yesterday was brought before the presiding alderman at the Guildhall to answer a charge of an alleged assault which took place, it is stated, under singular circumstances.

Cooper is a merchant and fancy goods importer of Long-lane, Smithfield. On the evening of September 27 Miss Major was alone in one of the departments, measuring up articles of under-clothing.

According to the sworn information Cooper entered and asked her how she was getting on. Saying he wished to explain how measurements for under-linen were taken in Hamburg, he proceeded to take her measurements.

It is stated that after Cooper had measured in turn her waist, her height, and the size of her ankle, his conduct was such that Miss Major complained to her friends, and subsequently communicated with the police.

### "Purely An Accident."

When Cooper was arrested, he said that he could understand Miss Major taking these steps, but it was "purely an accident." He had every respect for her, as he believed her to be a morally straight girl, and had told her so. It was absolutely her nervous condition, and she had mis-constructed what occurred.

He added that it was necessary in his business—as they imported all kinds of ladies' under-clothing—that he should advise his Hamburg office of larger sizes than were kept in stock and take measurements.

Continuing his statement to the police, he said it was true that he took Miss Major's measurements, and this lasted about twenty minutes. When she cried he told her she was a good girl. She was highly excited and nervous, and said she would tell her brother. He replied he should be pleased to see him.

He denied that he had any intention of taking any advantage of her. If the case were proceeded with he should require Miss Major to be medically examined, and should, moreover, bring an action for defamation of character. A detective told him that it was in consequence of an examination by two medical men that the proceedings were taken.

The Alderman ordered a remand, granting bail in two sureties of £250 each and one of £500.

### "BETTER IN THE RIVER."

## Mother Attempts to Plunge in the Water with Her Child.

While Henry Hassey was tending his fruit stall by the side of New Bridge, a pale-faced woman named Mary Aldridge asked him for a piece of rope "to tie the something up."

He gave her the rope, and, as she went towards the river, he watched her from the bridge.

Tying one end of the rope to her body, she fastened the other end round her four-year-old girl, and, after kissing her, went towards the river. Hussey rushed down and prevented her entering the water, the woman crying out: "Let me go. I'm better there than here."

At Brentford Police Court yesterday Mrs. Aldridge was remanded on a charge of attempted murder and suicide.

### TEN-YEAR-OLD BOY'S DEPRAVITY.

The Depravty magistrates sent to the workhouse yesterday the ten-year-old son of William and Frances Turner, being stated that the child was in the habit of smoking a pipe and drinking beer supplied by his father.

A doctor described the boy as a perfect savage. He used fearful language, was totally uneducated, and threatened to be an idiot or criminal.

The parents, who are of weak intellect, were imprisoned for one day.

### Soap Revolution

Fels-Naptha has done it.  
Fels-Naptha has done it.  
Fels-Naptha has done it.  
Fels-Naptha has done it.  
Fels-Naptha has done it.

Go by the book.

Fels-Naptha 39 Wilson street London E.C.

## Three Ladies Lose Their Tempers and Hats in a Cab.

After an eventful night out, three stylishly-dressed ladies were compelled to attend the Westminster Police Court yesterday and recount the history of their rather too "lady-bachelorlike" behaviour.

The reason was that Mrs. Agnes Carr accused her two friends, Queenie Clifford, of Redcliffe-road, South Kensington, and Nettie Glenister, of St. John's Wood, of stealing two sovereigns from her.

Mrs. Carr said she was the wife of an Australian wool merchant, separated under a deed. On Wednesday afternoon she renewed an acquaintance with Clifford, and called at her flat, where she was introduced to Glenister.

Mrs. Carr invited the two ladies to dine with her at the Hotel Russell, and after dinner they had wines and liqueurs.

They then drove to various restaurants, but finally were refused admission, and there was a scene.

In the early morning they all got into a cab and drove in the direction of Clifford's home.

Mrs. Carr wanted to return to the hotel, and there was a quarrel, Glenister saying that she (Mrs. Carr) was putting on "airs and graces."

Both women then assaulted her, she says, and Clifford matched her purse and took two sovereigns. An appeal was made to the cabman, but he sided with the prisoners, whom, apparently, he knew.

Mrs. Carr, however, shouted "Police!" and at Belgrave-square the cab was stopped and several constables came up.

Glenister was without her hat, and presented a very dishevelled appearance. Mrs. Carr also lost her hat.

Mrs. Carr yesterday denied throwing Glenister's picture hat out of the cab, but she remembered that young lady was hatless, holding her wig in her hand. (Laughter.)

Mr. Shield remanded the prisoners, allowing bail in £25 each.

### INTERFERING MOTHER.

## Girl's Chance of Reform Spoilt by a Parent's folly.

A tall, fresh-complexioned girl, named Amy Jones, who gave her age as nineteen, but is believed to be younger, was charged at Marylebone with stealing a ring belonging to Annie Hayter, of Bravington-road, Paddington.

The evidence showed that the girl visited Mrs. Hayter, and that after she had left the ring was missing. After her arrest she said she had given the ring to a chain-horse boy at Carlton Bridge.

In reply to questions by the magistrate, it was stated that during the past three years the girl had been convicted six times. The court missionary said the girl had been to a home, and to a reformatory, but owing to her mother's interference she had been released by the authorities before the proper time.

Mr. Curtis Bennett told the mother to leave her daughter alone in the future, and directed the missionary to find a home for the girl a long way from London.

### GREAT DETECTIVE HUNT.

## Twenty-Five Thousand Miles in Quest of a "Wanted" Man.

A detective chase of 25,000 miles in pursuit of a "wanted" man has just been brought to a close, and the White Star liner Majestic is now bearing to the United States the two principal participants in it and their captives.

The man whom Detective-sergeant O'Connor, of the New York police, and Detective Dickman, of the famous Pinkerton establishment, have captured, after such a long hunt, is named Charles Forbes. He is accused of having defrauded a well-known business house in Broadway, New York, of several hundred thousand dollars.

Great distances were covered by the detectives in futile attempts to discover Forbes, and the eventual disclosure of his whereabouts only came about through his wife, who believed she was no longer watched, going to Buenos Ayres, whither her husband had fled. The detectives had never lost sight of her, and succeeded in arresting Forbes. An extradition order was obtained, and the prisoner was brought to England, en route for New York.

### BREAD FOR BROKEN STONES.

A casual, who was sent to gaol at the North London Court yesterday for not performing his task in the workhouse, pleaded he had never broken stones before.

Mr. Forsdham: If you remain a casual long you will soon learn. I think you paupers ought to be fed according to the amount of work you do.

"It isn't much use calling a deaf witness to say she didn't hear you using bad language," said the Brentford magistrate to a defendant yesterday.

## Coroner's Strong Remarks on the Arsenic Charge.

At the resumed inquiry into the St. Helens arsenic mystery, yesterday, the coroner said Mrs. Burndred, who was eventually committed for trial, had every inducement to poison the girl Sarah Ann Jones.

He was led to express this opinion after several travelling drapers had been called to show that the Burndreds were largely in debt to them.

Mr. Kelly, for the prisoners, protested that this evidence was not relevant, but the coroner said: "Here is a woman who owes money to everybody, and by the death of this girl she draws £30. I shall tell the jury this woman had every inducement to do wrong."

Mr. Kelly: To infer that a person would commit murder for a draper's bill of £3 is too far-fetched."

The Coroner: People have taken lives for less than that.

Evidence was then given showing that Mrs. Burndred attempted to commit suicide on the morning after the child's body was exhumed.

In summing up the coroner directed that there was no evidence against Joseph Burndred, and that they need not take him into consideration at all.

The jury returned a verdict to the effect that Sarah Ann Jones had died from arsenical poisoning, and that there was sufficient evidence to send Ellen Burndred for trial on a charge of wilful murder.

Mrs. Burndred was then committed for trial.

### FINANCIERS SENT FOR TRIAL.

## Hooley and Lawson Committed to the Old Bailey.

Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley merely entered his plea of "Not Guilty," reserving his defence, and adding "I have nothing to say," when Mr. Fenwick brought the protracted proceedings at Bow-street to a close yesterday by committing him and his co-defendant, Mr. Henry John Lawson, for trial on the charge of conspiring to defraud Mr. A. J. Payne.

Mr. Lawson, however, indulged in a long statement, in the course of which he referred to the fact that he had formed fourteen companies during his twenty years in the City, the capital of which was over one million sterling. His method had been the same as in the case under consideration, and the majority of these companies now paid dividends.

Connected with them were fifty-two members of the House of Lords. He was charged with robbing Mr. Payne, from whom he never had a shilling in his life.

### FLIRTING HUSBAND.

## Conduct Does Not Afford Grounds for Separation.

The advice of Alderman Huggett, at Tottenham, was sought by a young married woman, who complained that her husband had taken to going out with other girls.

The Alderman: Has been going out with other women—very naughty of him. But what can we do?

The Wife: I want a separation.  
The Alderman: But I do not think there is any Act of Parliament that will allow us to separate husband and wife because the man walks out with a girl.

But learning that the husband had assaulted the woman the alderman granted a summons.

### MOTORIST'S CURIOUS DEFENCE.

To prove that he was not travelling at excessive speed along the Portsmouth road at Surbiton on September 11, as the police alleged, Charles Sadgrove, a motor-car driver, called his employer as witness at Kingston yesterday, the latter stating they were not driving to the common danger, as he could recognise people in boats on the river.

Sadgrove was fined £2 10s. 6d.

### "SCORCHING" ON THE THAMES.

For navigating the steam hunch Royal Thames in a dangerous manner at Richmond on August 28, Walter Swift was fined £5 at the petty sessions yesterday.

While running to Hampton Court the hunch went at high speed in a canal, it was alleged, catch a rival boat, with the result that several skills were swamped and the occupants soaked.

### BREAKFAST-TABLE TALK.

For the information of a policeman who found the door of a house in Green-street, Paddington, open at half-past four yesterday morning, Arthur Reason called out from behind the kitchen door "All right! I'm getting the breakfast ready."

The constable was sceptical, and finding Reason was unknown to the occupants, took him before the Marylebone magistrate, who ordered a remand.

## Cyclists Nearly Smothered by Ladybirds.

### STRANGE KENTISH PLAGUE.

Two cyclists, on the borders of Thanet, had a strange adventure, yesterday, with an army of fat birds—called, in some parts of the country, "diars," by reason of their red coats.

While passing through Bleas Woods, a few miles from Canterbury, the cyclists suddenly became aware of a dense cloud approaching, half a mile away. Supposing it to consist of mosquitoes, they merely pulled their caps over their eyes.

Presently arrived the outposts of the advancing insect army. They were easily distinguished by ladybirds, and soon the men were half covered by the little red and black creatures.

Then came the main army in battalions, and cloud grew thicker and thicker.

### Blinded and Half Choked.

At last, blinded, smothered, and half choked, their wheels a mass of insects and their chains completely clogged, the cyclists were forced to halt.

"We were fairly frightened," said one of the cyclists to a *Mirror* representative afterwards. "I thought we were going to be smothered. We were driven off the road and forced to take refuge in a ditch, where we hid with our coats over our heads till the swarm passed."

"We had practically to undress to get rid of the little brutes, and it took a considerable time to get our machines."

A lonely pedestrian who met the swarm at another point turned and fled for his life.

"The explanation of the phenomenon," said a well-known hop grower, "lies in the fact that the insects feed on hops. When their favourite is picked they migrate in large swarms. But they seldom fly along roads or attack human beings. The cyclists have reason to be thankful they were not choked."

### DOROTHY'S DEFENCE.

## Child Successfully Disproves a Charge of Assault.

The dock at Brentford Police Court yesterday was temporarily occupied by Dorothy Neighbour, a pretty, vivacious, little girl in a snowy frock.

She was charged with assaulting an elderly married woman named Mrs. Reynolds.

According to the latter, Dorothy pulled her hair but Dorothy alleged that she was provoked by a kick.

"She's always jaming me," said the child, "I ran up to a policeman, but couldn't see one." The magistrate joined in the ensuing laugh, and as Dorothy tripped merrily from the dock without a stain upon her character, his words severely observed to the complainant: "It's a joy you brought the child here."

### GERMANS BAD PAYERS.

## Why English Shipping Companies Awaiting Their Rates.

A new side of the Atlantic rate war was shown yesterday by a well-known steamship manager in an interview with a *Mirror* representative.

"The Combine," he said, "have raised rates because they are afraid that they will not get their indemnity from the German companies. When the fight over the Mediterranean started the German lines promised the Combine that their losses would be paid if they helped crush the Cunard."

Under these conditions the Morgan trust reduced their fares in conjunction with the Hollands American and French Transatlantique companies.

So far the Germans have shown no disposition to pay anything on account. The loss involved thousands of pounds.

### If you Suffer

from any disease arising from impurities in the Blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood Poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impure matter from whatever cause arising. Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world. Of all chemists and stores. Ask for

## Clarke's Blood Mixture

The World-Famed Blood Purifier  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.



of the Lavington-street Baths; Southwark, the Police yesterday gave a swimming and life-entertainment.

ord Hugh Cecil, M.P., will address a public meeting in Edinburgh on October 28 under the auspices of the local university Free Trade Union.

ord Durham will preside at a Liberal meeting at Exning, near Newmarket, on October 27, supported by Mr. C. D. Rose, member for Newmarket, Mr. Hardy, candidate for Suffolk.

## FRIGHTENED BY A BICYCLE.

While engaged with a gang of men working near Surrey Docks, W. Bowen, aged seventy-three, startled by a bicycle coming suddenly upon him, fell and sustained a fracture of the thigh bone, in which he has died at Guy's Hospital.

## HOPEFUL EMIGRANT.

George Wilson is the bad boy of Walsall. For throwing water over his mother and stoning her, he was sent to an industrial home, but there used such filthy language and bullied the smaller boys so viciously that he was turned out. He was rearrested, and it is now decided to send him to Canada.

## DANGER OF BABIES' HIGH CHAIRS.

An eighteen months old baby, whose parents live Edwards-square, Caledonian-road, was sitting at a dinner-table in a high chair yesterday when, after overbalancing, the infant's head striking the floor. The child died before it could be taken to the hospital.

## KILLED THROUGH DEAD LEAVES.

Through autumn leaves collecting on the electric main lines at Lancaster a car stopped half-way up a hill, and then ran backwards for a considerable space before it could be brought under control. A woman named Cook became frightened, jumped off, and was killed. No other passengers were injured.

## NOTTINGHAM DISLIKES CYCLISTS.

Cyclists guilty of furious riding in Nottingham could, without distinction of person, be sent to gaol, according to the opinion of the chairman of a local Bench.

As, however, the law does not quite allow this, of sentence, a young man who rode furiously down St. Peter's Gate has been fined 20s.

## ABUSE OF MOTOR LICENCES.

Garage companies in Cardiff have been warned by the chief constable that motor-cars may not be put out for hire under a manufacturer's licence.

This covers all the cars of a manufacturer, whether they number one or a thousand, and only costs £3, but must only be used for cars on trial and for an intending purchaser to try a car.

## TOMBSTONE PEDANTS.

Buckingham Burial Board have a regulation that tombstones may be erected in the cemetery bearing inscriptions not taken from the Bible or standard Christian authors.

At their quarterly meeting they have referred back the quite irreproachable epitaph, "Into a world unknown," for the author's name to be added.

## LAST OF THE COCK-FIGHTERS.

Yesterday the death took place in Blackburn of Thomas Aspin, aged seventy-six, who for half a century travelled all over England with fighting birds.

He was cock-carrier to the late Mr. Wilkinson Thwaites, an East Lancashire brewer, one of the staunchest supporters of this one-time fashionable sport.

## NO DEMAND FOR SERVANTS.

Manchester registry offices were once crowded with mistresses seeking servants.

Now the supply of domestics far exceeds the demand, and many servants cannot get places.

The explanation lies in the fact that mistresses, having once been compelled to manage without a servant, show no desire to alter their household arrangements.

## SOLDIERS' COTTAGE HOMES.

No better incentive to recruiting could be devised than an object lesson of the care taken of old soldiers.

On ground adjoining Fulwood Barracks, Preston, cottage homes are being erected to enable a number of men of the North Lancashire Regiment, disabled in the war, to end their days in comparative comfort.

## LORD ROSEBERY'S SHORT SPEECH.

Lord Rosebery, who is High Steward of the borough of Kingston-on-Thames, has definitely accepted an invitation of the corporation to open a new museum now approaching completion on the Fairfield at Kingston, and Monday, October 31, has been fixed for the ceremony.

In view of the many calls upon his time, however, Lord Rosebery has stipulated that he should not be expected to deliver more than a short speech on the occasion.

Major-General Sir H. Chermide has resigned the Governorship of Queensland.

While engaged as a platelayer, John Mason, of Maerslo-road, has been cut to pieces at Clapham Junction.

Fog-bound for a few hours, the Channel Fleet sailed at half-past three yesterday from the Tyne to Portland.

"Go Bang," a champion wire-haired fox-terrier, bought five years ago for £500, has died in New York.

Queen Alexandra's Homes at Wimbledon for officers' widows and daughters have been opened for occupation. They will accommodate, when completed, sixty families.

## BUYING A WIFE FOR 10s.

Continental journalists have, in a case heard before the Workshop magistrates, authentic proof of their firm belief that Englishmen buy their wives at auction.

In defending a charge made against him of using obscene language, Joseph Jeffrey said that he had bought a Mrs. Webster for 10s., and afterwards her husband wanted to claim her, which was, he said, "enough to make anybody swear."

He was, however, in spite of his explanation, fined 10s., and on a further charge of assaulting the Mr. Webster, who had so grievously annoyed him, a further sum of 20s., with the alternative of a month's imprisonment.

## ELECTRIC TRAMWAY DANGERS.

A boy's iron hoop falling in the electric tramway cable tunnel in Balham High-street has startlingly shown the latent dangers of electricity.

When the hoop disappeared the boy was seen to fall in the centre of a spluttering circle of flashes that illuminated the roadway and buildings for a considerable distance. Fortunately the boy in falling had not touched the hoop, and scrambled away unhurt.

There was a delay in the traffic for some time until the proper non-conducting appliances arrived, and, in the meanwhile, the police drew a cordon round the dangerous section of the line.

## NURSE'S SLIGHT MISTAKE.

When a smart-looking nurse approached the presiding barrister at Chorlton-cum-Hardy Revision Court, near Manchester, she was asked for whom she appeared.

On her mentioning the name of a lady well known in the district she was told that women had no votes. "But I don't want a vote," she said. "I want to register the birth of the child. It's a boy."

A gallant policeman politely offered to escort the blushing nurse to the registrar of births and deaths in the same building.

## LONDON POLICE INNOVATION.

If arrangements can be made with the different borough councils for suitable sites, the Metropolitan Commissioner of Police contemplates erecting police-boxes in the more distant suburbs.

These would take the place of the present fixed points, and an officer would be on duty night and day in each, connected by telephone with the nearest police station.

This system, in conjunction with constables on bicycles being ready at the stations to answer a call, would simplify the work of the police in dealing with burglaries.

## SKITTLES WITHOUT BEER.

Improvements at the Middlesex Trust Public-house, The Plumes, Park Royal, include an enlarged skittle alley.

The idea was to create amusements away from the bar, but although it was stated that the experiment would be watched with great interest, the plans were passed except with regard to the skittle alley.

Mr. Locket said the time had gone by for skittle alleys round London. In five cases out of six they became lumber rooms.

## THE PHOTO LOVED ONE

OF A

ON A

## MINIATURE

IS THE

Proper Thing to Wear.

SEE PAGE 2.

The Duke of Connaught has accepted the presidency of the Kennel Club, vacant by the death of Mr. Shirley.

Mr. Lloyd-George, M.P., has accepted an invitation to dine at the annual dinner of the London Press Club on October 27.

Through an explosion in the detonator department, a workman has been killed at the Cotton Powder Company's works at Faversham.

## MICHAELMAS GEESSE.

In the early hours of Michaelmas Day a flock of wild geese flew at a great height in an easterly direction over the Holford district.

At one time the appearance near London of these birds was considered a sure presage of a storm.

## BRASS BAND FESTIVAL.

One hundred and sixty bands, comprising over four thousand instrumentalists, will compete at the brass band contests at the Crystal Palace to-morrow.

In the evening the bands will be massed for a concert unique in its "brassy blare."

## AXE DROPPED ON A CROWD.

While demolishing houses opposite St. Mary-at-Hill yesterday a workman dropped a broad-bladed axe from the roof into the crowded street.

It just missed one man who, had he not have casually stepped aside, must have been killed; but on the rebound it cut open the hand of a man named Bowen, who was taken to the hospital.

## THE ORANGE CURE.

Every fruit in turn becomes the craze by women for beautifying the complexion, and as a sovereign remedy for every ill the flesh is heir to.

For some time a grape diet has been held in high favour for nerves, dyspepsia, anaemia, and bad complexion, now oranges are to have their turn.

During the coming winter oranges are expected to be the most popular fruit.

## WORKING-CLASS EDUCATION.

Representative trade unionists have been asked to co-operate with the University Extension authorities of Liverpool and Manchester.

The vice-chancellors of the universities of both cities are to be present at a conference to be held at Manchester on October 8, when the question of the higher education of the working-classes will be considered.

## DOCK FIREMEN'S SMART WORK.

Surrey Commercial Docks' private fire brigade have again distinguished themselves by promptly checking a fire in the forecabin of the Norwegian steamship Bayard.

The vessel was laden with timber, and there was every prospect of the whole cargo being involved, but the dock firemen, with their fire-boat Canada and a land manual, got the outbreak completely under control in half an hour.

## TRACTION ENGINE VAGARIES.

The vagaries of a traction engine drawing roundabouts created much alarm at Stanley Common, near Derby, yesterday.

Getting beyond the driver's control it made straight for a cottage in a garden, demolishing a low wall and entering the cottage through the parlour wall. The lower portion of the building was completely carried away before the engine stopped. It then stuck fast. In the end another traction engine towed it off.

## 2,895 LOST LODGER CLAIMS.

Judge Adams yesterday concluded the revision of the Parliamentary voters' list for the borough of Limerick.

His sittings have been remarkable for the large number of lodger claims disallowed, many of them coming in for severe comment.

In all 3,045 lodger claims were made, and only 150 survived the scrutiny to which they were subjected.

## DANGER IN THE DUSTBIN.

Alarm has been caused in Wimbledon by the discovery of live ball cartridges in refuse removed from houses, and the district council has issued an appeal to householders—among whom are some Volunteers—not to dispose of their spare ammunition in this careless way.

Point is given to this appeal from the fact that a loose cartridge recently exploded in one of the council's refuse destructors and caused serious injury to a workman.

## SEA-THREATENED RAILWAY.

Engineers of the L. and N.W. Railway are daily visiting the scene of the threatened encroachments of the sea on the Chester and Holyhead line between Holywell and Mostyn, and yesterday put on a large number of additional stonemasons, navvies, and permanent way men, who are hurriedly strengthening the seaward face of the railway embankment.

The tides, as they ebb and flow through the gap in the sea-wall, are engulfing the level field extending to the railway, a distance of 150 yards.

For over 100 yards no obstacle is left to stop the flow of the tides inland over the country but the new railway embankment.

## Mr. Goetze Receives Shoals of Abusive Letters.

"Poor fellow, I only wish he had had better fun for his money," said Mr. Sigismund Goetze, in a conversation yesterday with a *Mirror* representative regarding the action of the religious fanatic who poked his stick through the painter's famous canvas, "Despised and Rejected of Men," at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the picture is now on exhibition.

"When first I heard the news I could not help thinking that the calculation that there were 220,000 lunatics abroad was below the mark," said the artist with his accustomed calm.

Remarking that religious fanatics were not unknown to him, Mr. Goetze pointed to a huge pile of letters from such people, at one attacking his picture because of its sacred theme.

Casualty, Mr. Goetze picked up a closely-written sample. It was an exhaustive and incoherent effusion—half verse, half prose—saying anything but complimentary things about the painting.

"Despised and Rejected of Men," it will be remembered, bore the palm at this year's Academy. Twelve feet high, and valued at £25,000, it is an allegorical study depicting the modern world's thoughtless attitude towards Christ.

In the centre of the canvas is an altar dedicated "To the Unknown God," to which Christ is bound.

Filing by, with insolence or nonchalance depicted on their faces, is a crowd of figures, typical of modern society, all heedless of the figure on the altar except a nurse, whose profession brings her into daily contact with fickleness and suffering.

It is gratifying to be able to assure the public that the damage to the picture is not irreparable. A photograph of it appears on page 8.

## THEY ALL SAID "POUND."

### How the New Lord Mayor of London Was Elected.

Amid scenes of scrupulous fairness the City yesterday chose John POUND, Esq., alderman and leather-seller, to be Lord Mayor for the civic year that begins on November 9 next.

The election was an object-lesson to the many distinguished strangers present about the heights to which civic impartiality can soar.

First of all the distinguished strangers saw the great Lord Mayor of London, preceded by nearly a dozen great former Lord Mayors of London, march in the most solemn of solemn state into the Guildhall, and then they saw these great dignitaries march immediately out again.

As the dignitaries marched the Recorder of London explained in a loud voice that they were leaving so as not to overawe by their presence the 500 liverymen who sat below the hustings.

It was the duty of the liverymen to select two of the non-Lord Mayor aldermen in order that all the aldermen might from these two make a final choice of one.

The Livery at once shouted "All!" when Alderman Pound's name was mentioned to them; and added "Next year!" and "The year after that!" as Alderman Morgan's and Alderman Treloar's names were read in succeeding order.

The two names taken out to the Lord Mayor and past Lord Mayors were thus Pound and Morgan, and the past Lord Mayors and future Lord Mayors, when they came in once more, said: "Pound."

## ROSEBERY-CHAMBERLAIN DUEL.

### Ex-Premier Makes Some Hard Thrusts at Ex-Colonial Secretary.

Lord Rosebery appears to have stepped out of his furrow for good, with the result that the Liberal Imperialists are cherishing sanguine anticipations of a lively general election.

In a letter to the "Times," yesterday, Lord Rosebery addresses himself to the question of Colonial opinion regarding Mr. Chamberlain's scheme.

"I am sorry," he writes, "that Mr. Chamberlain should be annoyed. But his grievances do not seem to me very severe. He mentioned at Welbeck, not without complacency, that he had received a telegram of God-speed from the President of the Chambers of Commerce and Manufacturers in Western Australia."

"The day before at Lincoln a public letter appeared repudiating all share in this communication on behalf of three of these Chambers of Commerce. I mentioned the fact without comment and without imputation."

"It never entered my head that the original telegram was an 'illusion or invention,' though it was evidently exuberant in its terms. Now he has received a telegram from the Federal Council of United Chambers of Manufacturers of All Australia."

"I make no comment on this, except that Australia appears to be fortunate in a wealth of associations with sonorous names, and that in my experience substantial societies are affected by the terminology. Mr. Chamberlain will remember the 'Watergate Sympathisers.'"



# Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1904.

## THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG.

IT is nearly twenty years ago since John Lee, convicted of the murder of his mistress at Babbacombe, near Torquay, stood upon the scaffold to pay the last penalty exacted by the law. Nothing, as far as human eye could see, stood between the convict and eternity but the iron bolt which secured the trap on which he stood and the lever on which the hangman's hand was laid. The bolt was drawn, but the trap that should have fallen on the instant refused to move. The executioner struck it again and again with his foot, but it stood as firm as if it were one with the planking of the floor. There was nothing for it but to remove the white cap from the convict's face and lead him back to gaol while the ghastly machinery that had failed in its duty was inspected by the executioner and the officials of the gaol.

Three times was that awful scene enacted and re-enacted, and every time the trap that had swung free at a touch of the lever when no human soul stood above it stuck fast and immovable when the moment came for the launching of Lee into eternity. Small wonder that the men whose duty called them to witness such a sight as this were almost broken down, and that the Governor of Exeter Gaol took it upon himself to respite the prisoner while the Queen's advisers were asked their pleasure concerning the man whom the law could not hang.

In that awful quarter of an hour Lee had suffered the bitterness of death, not once, but three separate times—surely the most awful punishment ever suffered by any prisoner of our time. Only one decision was possible, and the sentence of death was commuted to one of penal servitude for life.

It must be remembered that Lee, in the face of strong circumstantial evidence, had always vigorously protested his innocence of the crime, and there were many who saw in the failure of Providence. Perhaps there are few among us who could truthfully declare that they entertain no lurking doubt of the truth of other more materialistic explanations of John Lee's escape from death upon the scaffold.

## SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO.

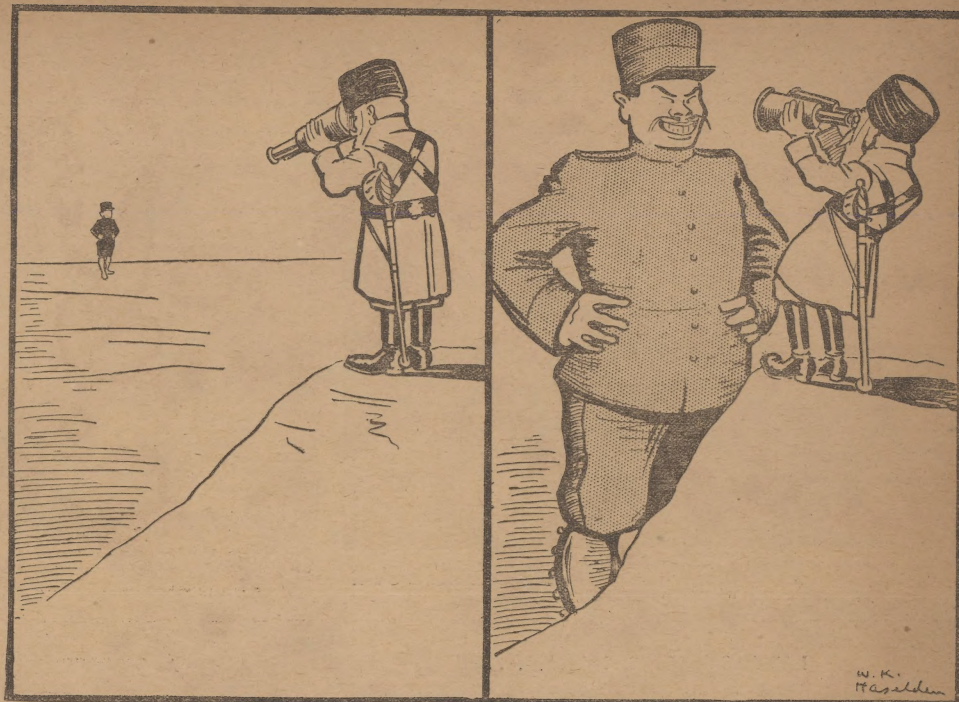
In these days, when scientific men talk airily of the transmutation of elements, and cases of dual personality are as numerous as blackberries in our English lanes, the strange case of William Johnson may perhaps fail to receive the attention which it undoubtedly deserves. Johnson is, or was, an American sailor, but after spending two happy days and a good deal of money with his friends he awoke one morning to find himself a British soldier.

His attention was first called to the fact by a military picket requesting him to button his tunic, for up to that time the existence of that gaily-coloured garment had escaped his attention; but bit by bit it dawned on him that he was clad in the King's uniform.

Johnson came to the conclusion that he had been drugged, and the police whom he informed adopted the same prosaic view, but to the student of psychology the incident has a deeper significance. It suggests that the rapprochement between England and America is so close that the men of both countries have become interchangeable quantities. Johnson's case may prove only the first of a series of equally startling incidents, and if the Wellington Barracks should be found one morning occupied by American bluejackets, or the American warships in the Thames manned by Gordon Highlanders, it will not greatly surprise those who have made a study of the occult sciences.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

There is no virtue which is final; all are initial. The virtues of society are vices of the saint. The error of the saint is the discovery that we must cast away our virtues, or that we have estimated such into the same pit that has consumed our grosser vices.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.



Russia has found out at last that the Japanese are not a pigmy foe. She is looking at them through the proper end of the telescope now.

[Yes, we were greatly mistaken when we called them "little Japs." We have never before had to deal with such skilful opponents.—"Russkoye Slovo."]

## THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

IT is a pity that Sir Henry Irving was unable to pay his promised visit to Sunderland this week instead of next month, for forty-eight years ago yesterday he made his first appearance on any stage in that town. The play was "Richelieu," and he took the part of Gaston, Duke of Orleans. As the curtain rose Irving was discovered on the stage, and, gasping with nervousness, he managed to stammer out: "Here's to our enterprise." Probably no debutant on the stage was ever so nervous as the great actor, who has fought his way from first failure to triumph. After this unpromising start for a few months he worked hard in Sunderland, playing many parts in the stock company, his chief endeavours being towards mastering his awful stage-fright.

It was at Sunderland, too, that he got his first Press notice. Nowadays that notice may amuse him, but at that time it must have been a sad blow. It appeared three weeks after his first appearance, and referred to his playing of Cleomenes in the "Winter's Tale." "The minor parts were creditably performed," said the notice, "with the exception of Cleomenes by Mr. Irving, who utterly ruined the last scene, where he should have described Leonora's discovery of his daughter. He came on to the stage without knowing a single word of his part, and although he had the cue pitched at him by the prompter in a tone loud enough to be heard in most parts of the house, he was unable to follow it, and was compelled to walk off the stage amid a shower of hisses."

Sir Thomas Barlow, who has been so patiently tending Lady Curzon, and to whom so many well-known people owe their lives, has been a physician to the Royal Family for over ten years now, and was in attendance on Queen Victoria during the last days of her final illness. His early career was that of a specialist in the diseases of children, and he is still consulting physician of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street, but when once he had made his name he widened the sphere of his work. Short and burly in figure, and still retaining traces of his Lancashire birth, he is hardly a typical doctor, but he is very sympathetic in disposition, and his "bed-side manner" is famous.

Mr. H. W. Lucy, renowned as "Toby, M.P.," who has been making out a forecast of the next Liberal Ministry, has a fine collection of political Irish "bulls." The best, perhaps, is that made by Mr. Thwaites in an election speech, when he stated that "the right honourable gentleman has done what I want you all to do—namely, 'When you lay an egg, put it by for a rainy day.'"

he done, but to take the bull by the horns." A "bull" which he records of Mr. Rodwell, member for Cambridge, is almost as good. Mr. Rodwell objected to a certain amendment by saying that it "would lead to gas bills going to the House of Commons with a rope round their necks."

Seven years ago "Toby, M.P.," and Mrs. Lucy entered for the famous Dunmow flitch of bacon, as the reward of a married life which had not been disturbed by a single angry word on either side. No other competitors had a chance against this happy couple, and Mr. and Mrs. "Toby" were presented with the flitch by Sir John Aird.

Earl Spencer, whom Mr. Lucy has selected as the Liberal Premier, is lying seriously ill at his residence at Chapel Brampton, but the latest reports of his condition are a little more satisfactory. He is a lonely man, and has never recovered from the death of his wife. There is no more striking personality in London than Earl Spencer, and he is still known as "The Red Earl," though the fiery beard which earned him the name has lost much of its colour. During Mr. Gladstone's Premiership he was Lord Lieutenant, and it was during his régime that Lord Frederick Cavendish, brother and heir of the present Duke of Devonshire, was murdered in Phoenix Park.

During his Lord Lieutenantcy he was in hourly peril of assassination himself, and the police and military authorities constantly begged him to shave off the red beard which made him so conspicuous. He refused to do anything of the kind, and his pluck went a long way towards winning the hearts of the Irish.

Captain Nott Bower, Chief Commissioner of the City Police, who has been giving evidence on the subject of the speed of motor-cars in the City, came to London from Liverpool. He must find the police a paying profession. For his present post he receives £1,250 a year, and he also gets £250 a year as a pension from Liverpool. This Liverpool pension was the cause of considerable dispute, as the Liverpool Watch Committee refused to pay more than £450 so long as Captain Nott Bower held his London post. After some litigation, however, he won his case.

After leaving Sandhurst Captain Bower served in the Army, and later became Sub-Inspector in the Royal Irish Constabulary. Then he became Head Constable of Leeds, and next of Liverpool. He is a fine, solid-looking man, and if he were allowed to double the position of City Marshal with his present one the Lord Mayor's show would lose little in impressiveness.

To-day is the seventy-second birthday of Earl Roberts, K.G., K.P., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., O.M., V.C., D.C.L., D.Lit., LL.D. May he live many more years, and gain many more honours.

## A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

### The Lord Mayor-Elect.

YESTERDAY the final seal was set upon the selection of John Pound, alderman and leather-seller, as Lord Mayor-Elect, and now he is the man of the moment in the City, at all events. And a fine, dignified Lord Mayor he will make. He looks like some old worthy of Tudor times, and one can well imagine him summoning the trained bands of London to meet the threatening Spanish Armada.

White-haired, white-moustached, white-bearded, with a fresh colour and bright eyes and dignified mien, he looks his best in the old dress of his civic honours. He ought always to wear black velvet, silver buttons, a chain round his shoulders, and a lace cravat.

He is seventy-five years ago since he came into the world, within the precincts of the City. Then, in due course, followed his education at the school which is typically the City's own—Christ's Hospital—receiving his nomination from Mr. John Humphrey, who was Lord Mayor, just forty-two years ago.

On leaving school he entered his father's business straight away, and is now head of the firm of John Pound and Co.

Naturally, the City and its life were everything to him, and he was soon known in the civic world. Now, after many years of hard work, it has rewarded him by bestowing on him its highest dignity.

The Lady Mayoress-Elect, too, is worthy of her position and her husband.

## THE WORLD'S HUMOUR.

"The Japanese are going to occupy Saghalien." "Considering what thieves they are, there's no more suitable place."—"Budnik," Moscow.

Solicitor (to witness): Mr. Smith, you are a pork-butcher, I believe.

Mr. Smith: I am.

Solicitor: Was this a great disturbance?

Mr. Smith: I never sausage a one.—"London Opinion."

"The war has given me a chance of showing my self-denial."

"You're going to the front?"

"No, I'm doing without perfumes, and sending the money to the Red Cross Society."—"Schut," St. Petersburg.

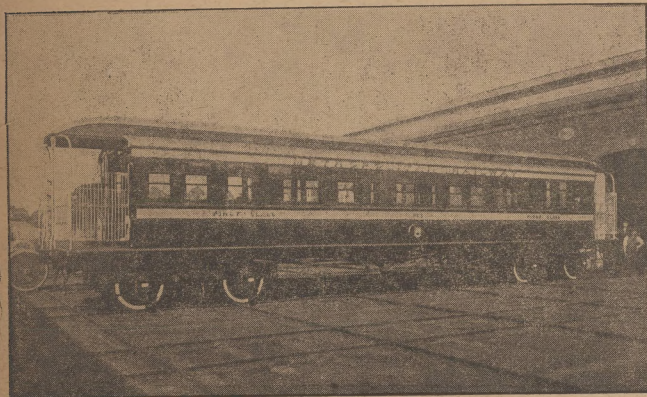
"Why are you burning our old love letters, Adolf dear?"

"I've just made my will. I don't want it contested on grounds of feeble intellect."—"Fliegende Blaetter," Berlin.



# MIRROR - CAMERA - SNAPS -

## THE ELECTRIFICATION OF THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.



The work of converting London's gloomy Underground Railway into a spick-and-span electric system is being rapidly carried out. Above is an exterior view of one of the new carriages.



The interior of one of the new carriages of the Underground Railway. As seen here, they are to be corridor carriages, and are fitted up in the most elaborate style, with splendidly-upholstered seats and fine polished panellings.

## LADY CURZON'S ILLNESS.



Lord and Lady Curzon, with a tiger killed by the Viceroy in India. At Walmer Castle yesterday it was announced that Lady Curzon's strength had been well maintained and her condition had improved.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

## A FAMOUS PICTURE DAMAGED.



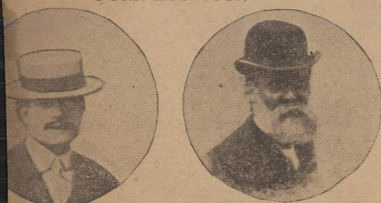
Mr. Sigismund Goetze's famous picture, "Despised and Rejected of Men," which was rent in several places by a religious fanatic at Newcastle, where it was on exhibition.—(See page 6.)



# THROUGH MIRROR LENSES

THE JAPANESE NAPOLEON.

"MIRROR" GALA DAY PICTURE COMPETITION.



We reproduce two more portraits of "Daily" readers taken on "Mirror" Gala Day at the Palace. Five shillings and a "Mirror" fountain pen each of the above at the "Daily Mirror" office.

THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD."



leading characters in "The Prayer of the Sword" at the Adelphi. Miss Lily Brayton as Maria of Visconti, Duchess of Andola, and—



as Braccio Scoria, Confalonier of the Adelphi. Photographs by Ellis and Watery.



Marshal Oyama, the famous Japanese general, watching the progress of a big battle in Manchuria.

"DAILY MIRROR" BABY BEAUTY COMPETITION.



NORAH MARGARET WRIGHT, of Richmond.



WINIFRED LINDEN ELLISON, of Shepherd's Bush.



MARY P. P. HUDSON, of Hammermith.

SMALLEST BAND BOY.



Charles Evans, of the Royal Fusiliers Band, the smallest wearer of his Majesty's uniform. He attracted attention on "Mirror" Gala Day at the Crystal Palace.



# MAN THE GALLOWES REFUSED.

For Which John Lee, About To Be Liberated,  
Stood Thrice on the Scaffold.

ly the prison doors will open, and out  
free air of heaven will step a middle-aged  
to once endured the most awful experience  
a human being—a man who three stepped  
scaffold to meet death by hanging.

ory of the crime for which John Lee was  
led to the death which would not come is  
brilliant mystery.

In the early morning of a November day,  
twenty years ago, that the little village of  
combe rang with a tragedy which was to  
attract the attention of the whole world.

abcombe Glen, a beautifully situated house  
quaint thatched roof, had lived a maiden  
Miss Emma Ann Whitehead Keyse, of  
family, she had been Maid-of-Honour to  
Queen Victoria. Miss Keyse led a retired  
life in the beautiful corner of Devon-  
shire she had chosen for her home. Sixty-  
ears had silvered her hair, and she spent  
of a peaceful life in a calm of good works.

Grey-haired old maid had grouped round her  
of servants, who anticipated her every wish  
were two sisters who had been with her—the  
city and the other fifty years; there was a  
girl and John Lee, her butler, a young man  
tens years of age.

## Crime.

This quiet home murder came like a thunder-  
bolt on the morning of November 15, the sun  
shined, flames broke out from the thatched

The affrighted servants awakened by the  
of fire rushed down to the dining-room where,  
middle of a furnace of flame, lay their mis-  
It was the work of a moment to dispatch  
after for help, and very soon the fire was  
held. Then then ran to the old mistress's  
by half-painted, round her was a small  
eral oil, but this was not the worst—there  
was wound in her throat, and her grey hairs  
bedabbled with blood from three fearful in-  
in the skull.

tors and police were almost immediately upon  
ence. From the first the cause was clear  
of murder, and with almost the same  
every fact that presented itself to the in-  
igators implicated John Lee, the butler.

had been seen outside his mistress's door by  
frighted maids as they rushed down the stairs,  
his blood on him, a blood-stained knife was  
in one of his drawers carefully wrapped up,  
it with which the body was soaked had come  
a so placed that whoever had used it must  
awakened John Lee in passing.

a murder itself had happened only nine feet  
from the spot behind the pantry in which he  
slept. Such were the links out of the  
of evidence against the butler which made  
rest a matter of inevitability.

## ing the Chain of Evidence.

It came a formal remand at the police court,  
followed the inquest on the dead woman. At  
these inquiries mere suspicions and surmises  
way to facts which would place the prisoner  
from which he could not escape.

The inquest was first held in the music-room at  
abcombe Glen. Slowly the jury filed before  
barred remains of the murdered woman; then,  
a crowd of witnesses was so large, the coroner  
turned the inquiry to St. Mary Church town-  
a public hall, where the witnesses were seated.  
The prisoner first showed that calm which he  
deserted him, either throughout the tedious  
or during his threefold ordeal on the scaffold.  
evidence was sufficient to shake even the inno-

cent came the purely medical evidence as to the  
wounds on the body, and the way in which the  
of blood stained the evidence of the most  
important witness in the case.

It was Elizabeth Harris, a half-sister of John  
Lee. She gave on this particular day evidence  
which, while not in the prisoner's favour, yet sug-  
gested that something was being kept back. One  
of the old servants, in a voice broken with weep-  
ing, described the last occasion on which she had  
seen her mistress alive, related a conversation she  
had with the prisoner just after the body was  
found. On his hands were blood.

His explanation was that he had broken the  
downs to let out the smoke. Coroner and jury  
were visibly impressed when she faltered out that  
the shutters of the room were fast closed.

## Volled Menace.

at the resumed inquest a week later new facts  
were alleged. A blood-stained hatchet had been  
found in the house, and the medical evidence  
showed that this was the weapon which had caused  
the wounds upon the deceased woman's head.  
The new and far more grave allegation  
dualled arose against the prisoner—this was that  
before the deceased woman will-will.

One witness he had said that "if the missus  
't get me a good place she will soon wish she  
done so." He was "tired of the place," he  
added. Evidence from another witness showed  
that the butler had never got on very well with his

mistress, that she had complained of his work, and  
had reduced his salary to a miserable two shillings  
a week, and that she had wanted to get rid of him,  
and had advised him to emigrate.

Then Elizabeth Harris, his half-sister, spoke  
more fully. At the opening of the inquest she had  
held her peace, she said, because she wanted to  
save him. Now she spoke of an interview in  
which the prisoner had expressed the utmost hate  
for Miss Keyse, had threatened to burn the house  
down, and had referred in the most bitter way to  
his old employer's habit of finding fault.

By this time the jury had gathered together  
the case. Minute examination had been made of  
the whole of the building, and the belongings of  
the butler had been sent to Dr. Stevenson, the  
Home Office analyst, who had discovered them to  
be stained with blood. The coroner summed up  
shortly, and the jury returned a verdict of Wilful  
Murder against John Lee.

At the police court on December 3 the defence  
was told that it was of no use to cross-examine  
witnesses, as the prisoner would be sent to trial,  
and on the next day he was formally committed.

At this point the country rang with the Bab-  
combe crime. Essentially the question of the  
innocence or guilt of the butler was discussed from  
one end of the country to the other. On the whole  
public opinion was against the prisoner, whose  
calm, confident demeanour was assumed to be the  
callousness of crime.

## The Great Trial.

The trial took place at the Exeter Assizes before  
Mr. Justice Manisty; a true bill was returned  
against the prisoner by the Grand Jury on the last  
day but one of January, and three days later John  
Lee faced his accusers.

The little court was crowded to suffocation. Never  
had such a moving case come before the tribunal  
of the sleepy western city. The calm of the prisoner  
did not desert him, and in a clear, even voice he  
pleaded Not Guilty.

Mr. Collins, Q.C., and Mr. Vigor prosecuted for  
the Treasury; for the prisoner appeared Mr. W.  
Molesworth St. Aubyn. Dispassionately Mr. Col-  
lins placed before the jury all the facts on which  
the prosecution rested.

He drew a picture of the quiet home in the  
thatched cottage at the edge of the cliff. He de-  
scribed the dramatic personae of the household, and  
with tragic effect he pictured the old maiden lady  
seated that night in her dining-room writing in her  
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## The Clue of the Hatchet.

The case as it slowly unfolded itself against the  
prisoner from these master hands held the Court in  
a grip of fascination. Points which had been  
made at the inquest and police court were driven  
home and riveted. It was pointed out that the  
witnesses which the prisoner had received, and for  
which he had been medically treated, were made  
long after blood had been seen upon him by the  
witnesses. Then the incident of the hatchet was  
dwelt upon.

A man had asked for a hatchet to cut away  
some rats which thus make easier the work of  
cooking with the fire; the prisoner had found one  
at once; it fitted the wounds on the battered skull  
of the old lady, and was bloodstained.

Turning from this side of the case, the counsel  
dealt with a statement made by the prisoner  
shortly after the discovery of the crime, that he  
lost "his best friend." With damaging effect  
counsel contrasted this statement with the words  
the prisoner had used to several witnesses, in which  
he had shown a violent hatred for his employer.

The address finished with a reference to the  
blood-polluted condition of several belongings of  
the prisoner, the way in which his clothing not  
only bore stains of paraffin and blood, but  
also showed signs of desperate efforts to remove  
them. Then followed before a breathless Court  
for several hours each day the witnesses who  
had already appeared at the inquest and be-  
fore the magistrates. The maids of the murdered  
woman, their damning facts; the medical wit-  
nesses, headed by Dr. Stevenson, established with  
scientific accuracy the fact that the bloodstains  
were of human origin. The police gave their evi-  
dence with mathematical precision. The friends to  
whom the prisoner had talked foolishly—all were  
there, stood together in one solid phalanx, an  
army, menacing the life of the unhappy man in the  
dock.

## A Love Interest.

The prisoner's defence was suggested in the cross-  
examination of his half-sister, Elizabeth Harris,  
whose evidence was so conclusive on the subject of  
a motive of revenge. It was put to her that she  
had a lover—an illicit amour, counsel called it.  
She had not gone to bed on the night of the crime  
until quite early in the morning. Was it possi-  
ble that this murder might have been committed  
by the girl's lover? Was this girl shielding him?

Such was the trend of questions put to the girl,  
and such were the points suggested more fully in  
Mr. St. Aubyn's speech. He had, however, to

follow the final order of the prosecution, which was  
fatally strong.

Equipped with evidence which had stood the  
test of cross-examination, Mr. Collins, Q.C., made  
his final speech with the calm assurance of a judge  
summing up, and Mr. St. Aubyn found himself  
with a hopeless task.

He, however, made a gallant effort for the  
prisoner. He instanced the prejudice which was  
existent against his client. The case he submitted  
was purely circumstantial. As an alternative hypo-  
thesis he introduced the lover of the girl, Elizabeth  
Harris, a man who, with no apparent motive, had  
stood down the aged lady and hidden the knife  
with which he had done the deed in such a way as  
to incriminate the prisoner.

Mr. Justice Manisty summed up at the end of the  
third day of the trial. The man prisoner stood  
impassively before him, and an excited audience  
hung on his every word. His first sentence was  
plea for circumstantial evidence. He recapitu-  
lated all the evidence. He referred to the theory  
of the murder being committed by Elizabeth  
Harris's lover as very far-fetched. He paid a high  
tribute to the fairness with which witnesses had  
spoken, and left the jury to consider their verdict.

## Waiting for the Verdict.

The jury slowly retired from the heated court,  
and the prisoner was taken into an ante-room while  
his life lay in the balance. The audience that  
thronged the court sat half-stunned with excite-  
ment. Forty minutes had slowly sped when there  
was a sound at the back of the court—the jury was  
returning.

Slowly the solid west-countrymen stepped back  
into the jury box, and the Clerk of Arraigns put  
the fatal question to the foreman. The man's  
breathless reply was that they found the prisoner  
at the Bar guilty, and Mr. Justice Manisty assumed  
the black cap.

His voice sounded almost softly as he told the  
prisoner that he had been found guilty on the  
clearest evidence of one of the most cruel and  
barbarous murders that had ever been committed.

Then the Judge went on, apparently turned out  
of his natural course by the prisoner's strangely  
calm demeanour, to criticise that demeanour. He  
remarked upon the prisoner's unnaturally calm  
manner in that awful moment, but he found that  
such behaviour was not impossible to a man who  
could commit such an awful crime. Then he pro-  
ceeded to the solemn formula of the sentence.

As he said the terrible formula the Judge's voice  
faltered with emotion, and it was with something  
more than the earnestness with which a formula is  
spoken that he expressed a hope that the prisoner  
would spend his few remaining days in preparation  
for the next world.

## "He Knows I Am Innocent."

Then the prisoner spoke. Looking calmly at his  
Judge, he said: "The reason, my Lord, why I am  
so calm and collected is because I trust in my Lord,  
and He knows that I am innocent."

Such was the phrase with which John Lee left  
the dock, to stand, a few days later, upon the  
scaffold and thence to face his sentence.

## THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

Reflections of Our Readers on Current  
Topics.

The following letters are among those which  
arrived at the *Mirror* office yesterday:—

## WOMEN IN SMOKERS.

No doubt it is unpleasant for a woman who does  
not like tobacco-smoke to travel in a smoking  
compartment, but it is equally unpleasant for a man  
who does not smoke to travel in a compartment  
in which babies are allowed.

Evidently the present arrangement of "Ladies,"  
"Smoking," and ordinary carriages is insufficient.  
What we need is "Men," "Women," "Mixed,"  
"Babies," "Peppermints," and "Oranges."  
FULHAM. FRANK WAKING.

Walking down (?) Row the other morning I  
saw a lady riding a horse which seemed very ex-  
cited. As she passed me a "box" spur, which had  
been fitted into the heel of her boot and hidden  
below her skirt, fell to the ground. I picked it  
up, and found that it was literally covered with  
blood; and one of the most cruel spurs that I have  
ever seen. It weighed four or five pounds.

As the lady galloped off when the spur fell I was  
unable to restore it.  
It is often said that women are naturally more  
cruel than men, and no wonder.

MAURICE WILLES.  
Royston Manor, Wendover.

## WALKING-STICK MANIA.

The reason women do not carry a walking-stick,  
or an umbrella unless necessary is not because  
they are more civilised, but because they have only  
two hands.

The ordinary woman is to be seen with one hand  
trying to save her skirt from trailing in the mud  
and the other occupied with two or three small  
parcels, a purse, and a handkerchief. If she wants  
to rearrange the parcels she has to stand still,  
balance the parcels on one hip, more or less  
successfully, and then make the necessary arrange-  
ments.

No wonder she does not carry a stick.  
When women are as civilised as men they will  
have pockets.  
MALACCA.

Oxford-terrace, W.

SIXPENNY POPULAR EDITIONS  
OF  
FRANCIS & DAY'S . . .  
MUSICAL COPYRIGHTS.

To celebrate the Anniversary of this Suc-  
cessful Venture 20 New Numbers will be  
issued on Saturday next, October 1st,

THE VICTORIA CROSS (Military two-step).  
SHORT STORIES, or LA-DIDDLE-DIDDLEY-  
UM.

ISN'T THAT LIKE A MAN?  
BLUE BELL.

FAREWELL MY LITTLE YO-SAN!  
MOTHER (an old picture in a new frame).

BABY RINE.  
UNDER A PANAMA (From the successful Musical  
under "Sergeant Brue of the C Division").

THE PATCHWORK GARDEN (From the Musical  
Comedy, "The House of the Girl").

THE MAN BEHIND (From the Musical Comedy,  
"The East and the Girl").

KISS ME GOOD NIGHT, DEAR LOVE (Intro-  
duced in "Merely Mary Ann").

THE CHURCH PARADE, MOLLY O'HALLORAN,  
CIGARETTE (Successful songs in "The Catch  
of the Season").

MAISEY! MY MAISEY!  
NAYAVO.

YOU ARE A WHITE LITTLE GIRL.  
THERE'S NOBODY JUST LIKE YOU.

DAN GODFREY'S CELEBRATED HOLLY-BUSH  
POLKA.

HELIOPTROPE WALTZ  
INSPIRATION VELETA VALSE.

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# TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

"We may evade the watchful gaze of the Living, but the invisible eyes of the Dead are upon us all, eternally."—Montaigne.

## WHAT PREVIOUS CHAPTERS CONTAINED.

Robert Ferris and his cousin and junior, Stephen Latham, are partners in an old firm of solicitors. Latham—who is a handsome, reckless, and rather dissipated young fellow—betrays the fact that he has, as usual, been betting heavily and losing.

Then Robert Ferris tells him that the firm is ruined and bankrupt, and mutual reproaches occur, for it becomes evident that Robert Ferris himself has been plunging most desperately on the Stock Exchange. He confesses that he has mismanaged and lost the great sum of £30,000, the property of Hilda Maxwell, a young girl, and an orphan, whose legal affairs have been in the hands of the firm. Latham, too late, is overwhelmed by shame and remorse, especially as Robert Ferris reveals to him that he, Ferris, and Hilda have secretly given their whole love to each other. The matter is complicated by the fact that a Hindoo, one Hushmat Bismar, who is the guardian of Hilda—appointed by her father, who has been an almost fanatical Orientalist—is almost immediately expected to call and demand an account of the firm's stewardship.

Then Latham makes the startling proposition that if Ferris will at once find the sum of £30,000, he, Latham, will abscond and will affect to commit suicide. It is hoped by this means that all the blame may be taken off the shoulders of Ferris whilst it is shifted wholly upon the absconder, Latham. The plan is carried out, and we then find Ferris at Latham's private rooms, destroying his partner's papers and so on. He finds on the bed a revolver bearing Latham's initials, as though Latham had contemplated suicide. Just then the bell of the outer door rings, and Ferris hastily pockets the revolver.

The newcomer is Hushmat Bismar, the Hindoo, who forces himself in and persists in mistaking Ferris for Latham. After mutual recriminations Ferris strikes the Hindoo, and the two begin to fight and struggle, during which the Hindoo produces a murderous knife. Almost in self-defence Ferris uses the revolver, and Hushmat Bismar falls dead. Ferris at once makes a rush to the residence of Hilda Maxwell, thinking that by doing so he can always prove an alibi, and he calculates that, as the murder took place at Latham's rooms, the latter will be blamed, especially as the revolver has been left by the dead body.

After an interview with Hilda, Ferris is at his own chambers, and here he is unexpectedly joined by one Mrs. Raycroft, a beautiful adventuress. She forces the secret of the murder from him, and then he learns that it was she who, thinking herself discarded, had, under the name of "Vashti, the Supplanted," betrayed the shakiness of the firm to the Hindoo. She offers Ferris wealth if he will leave England with her, and Ferris, whilst declaring this, is just assuring her of his continued love, when Hilda Maxwell stands in the doorway crying, "Robert, please tell this woman that—that I am your wife!"

Hilda faints, and during her period of unconsciousness Myra Raycroft turns upon Ferris. She demands that he shall purchase her silence, and she declares that in the future it is war to the knife between them. Ferris is left alone with Hilda, and he forces some narcotic drug in a bottle found between her teeth, for he has resolved that he will quietly smother her home and afterwards persuade her that the whole scene has been but an ugly dream that she has had.

Latham takes the boat that crosses to France. The night is a stormy one, and, as Latham is contemplating a moody-looking stranger, this man makes a sudden leap overboard. To save him is impossible; but, during the confusion caused by his terrible act, Latham resolves that he will claim the dead man's luggage and let the authorities believe that the man who has cast himself into the raging waters is himself, Latham. This change of identities is effected, and Latham goes on to Paris. Buying a newspaper, he is horrified to read an account of the murder at his own chambers, and to learn that he himself is branded as the murderer!

Latham, frightened and horrified, fancies that almost every passer-by recognises in him Stephen Latham—the murderer. He sees only an Oriental, content to employ, and plainly conveying some threat or warning to the person to whom it may have been addressed. Latham's consternation and horror are increased when he finds that the very envelope associated with these gruesome things has plainly marked upon the stamped flap the name of his own late firm—"Ferris and Latham, Bedford-row, W.C." Latham determines to go back to London to seek his late partner, and to have a full explanation as to the reported murder.

Although Mrs. Raycroft has received the sum of money which she had named to Ferris as the first instalment of the blackmail she means to extort from him, she yet writes to Hilda setting forth the relations which have subsisted between herself and Ferris. Then she writes

to Ferris, telling him that she has done this, and when he, in an agony, seeks out Hilda, he finds that she has in a hurry left her home, giving no new address. He is staggering under this blow when he sees a newspaper placard bearing these words—"Suicide of the Craven-street murderer. Body lost in the Channel."

Hilda calls upon Mrs. Raycroft, and this woman taunts her with Ferris's falsity, displaying a great heap of jewels bought for herself—Mrs. Raycroft—with Hilda's money, the trust-money diverted by Ferris.

## CHAPTER X.

### The Birth of Shame.

There was a long silence in the room.

Hilda stood where she had risen, as though stiffened into that attitude of horror. Her unseeing eyes were fixed on the jewels huddled together on the table. A shaft of sunlight stole in through the window, illuminating them, turning the points of the diamonds to iridescent flame, the sapphires to liquid pools of light. Shame—not warm and tingling with a certain healthiness, as it sometimes is, but cold, clammy, slow-creeping, like the ruthless, lingering advance of a deadly tide—crept over her. It was as though, in one moment, the whole fabric of the curtain which exists between so many women and the foul, unpalatable truths of life had been suddenly rent asunder. She had not shut her eyes to naked truth, she had been unaware of its disguising covering. The hinted sordidness of books had hitherto been grotesque imaginings of distorted minds. Now she was face to face with embodied sordidness.

She had walked in the world as in a fair and lovely garden, and now the curtain of illusion drawn aside showed her beneath the surface of this seeming beauty but a charnel place, where dead and dying sins give forth the odour of corruption.

No grief mingled with this shame, grief for dead love or shattered ideals. She was conscious of nothing but virginal distaste.

Robert Ferris, the Robert Ferris who had won her love, whose face and lips, the fine lines of his beautiful, strong hands, were so dear and familiar to her, was non-existent—nothing but an intangible mask which hid the brute beneath. In her distress and pain she flung up her hands and covered her shamed face.

Myra Raycroft lit a cigarette quietly, and looked at the girl. Her eyes, if enigmatic, were perhaps less hard.

"Well, you would have it, you know," she said; and her tone was the tone in which a person of robust temperament might speak to a child or a pet dog he had justly chastised.

Her words seemed to rouse the girl to a knowledge of the demands of her pride. She drew herself up and faced the woman. The burning flush on her cheeks had died down, leaving them deadly pale; only, round the young eyes, so glad and bright that morning, were cruel purple shadows, and one thin line of pain drew the fine arch of her brows together.

"As you say," she said, in a level voice, "there are some things which are better unspoken, unthought of. God cleanse my memory of them! But if they exist—had I not the right to know them before? If you desired to keep..." Her calm faltered, the words died in her throat to a very thread of sound. "Why, oh, why, did you not tell me all this months ago? . . . Now it is too late."

Her voice, the choice of her words; was childish, and what was she in knowledge of the world but a child? What had her short years taught her? She had trusted because it had not been conceivable that she should be deceived.

"Why?" Myra surprised herself by breaking into a laugh. "Because, my dear, your Robert Ferris deceived me as cleverly as he deceived you. It was the case of underrating your enemy over again. I did not think you worthy of fight."

Hilda looked at her; the taunt, if taunt it were, glanced off her. She was enveloped in the armour of a greater shame than any with which a spiteful woman might cover her.

"I argued with myself," cried Myra, as though she could find no other, "that even he, though he was so base as to marry you for a shield, a protection between him and discovery?" She flung out her hands with a wild gesture of despair. "I forgot his cursed cleverness. To rob his ward, Miss Maxwell, was a criminal offence. To rob his wife—his legal wife, on whom no settlements were made—that was a regrettable incident—but that was all."

In her excitement the likeness to the woman of the dream became accentuated. Her eyes burned with malice, her tone breathed of hate.

Hilda wavered. A nostalgia of longing swept over her. In her desperate loneliness she stretched out tentacles of desire towards her, and she had done wrong, foolishly wrong, to come here. He could explain—had he denied when she taxed him with a former love? Even the events of last night were capable of explanation. It had been the worst kind of madness to leave home without giving him a chance to explain. Diligence to herself, deception, all that the other woman had hinted at, were possible; they came within the easy code of masculine ethics. But theft—dishonesty—embezzlement—the tampering with trust funds! Hilda's imagination rocketed; she could not believe it.

Myra saw the indecision in her face. It madden her.

"You do not believe me?" she cried. "Oh, we women! Why are we born fools, given reason, and a heart which sets it ever at naught? We see the paltriness of the man, right down to the poor, starved, withered soul of him—and love him still. If this Ferris beckoned you back, you'd go to him now, wouldn't you? Even as you stand face to face with the truth of his sin, you have it in your heart to forgive him!"

She caught at Hilda's hand, and held it in a tight, compelling grip. This time she did not draw back. The eyes of the women met. Hilda trembled.

"I don't know . . . I must see him . . . It is not fair to condemn him unheard!" Myra said shortly. "Well, go back to him; he is his cat's paw, slave for him, lie for him, toil for him, love him better than your chance of heaven—and see the reward he will give you for it all. Heavens, they used to believe in vampires—creatures who sucked the blood of the living and left the other woman till they supposed, shadowlike, to their graves—it was a lie, I repeat. But there are moral vampires, men and women who prey on your heart and soul—call it what you will—suck the blood of belief and truth and honour from you, waste you till you become but a shadow, a creature the world shuts its eyes at, a thing of shame, to sink out at nightfall, when the daylight comes."

Her voice died to a hoarse whisper. With a sudden abandonment she flung herself down on the cushions of the lounge and burst into a storm of sobs which shook her slender body as the wind shakes slim, tapering pines.

Hilda stared at her like someone in a dream. The girl's face had changed in the whole scene. She felt a wild, elusive hope—a hope she knew predestined to disappointment—that she might wake and find this a dream also. She glanced round the room, with its soft, peach-coloured silk hangings, the old Sheraton furniture, the mass of glittering jewels on the table, and then to the woman on the couch, flung into all the abandonment of grief, in an attitude which revealed the superb beauty of her form. Myra's right hand, white and tapering, save that the first finger and thumb were tobacco-stained, beat feebly on the cushions. She had forgotten to take off her thimble, and it flashed in the sun. Hilda noticed it with dispassionate accuracy.

The pain of jealousy succeeded to the cold shame, mingled with it. This woman, with her beauty and her charms, had forestalled her. She had not even the gratification of feeling that she had had the noblest part of her husband's love. He had robbed her, and married her to cover the robbery. Her cheeks flamed again. And she had imagined the romance, embodied in herself, had won Robert Ferris from the toils of money-getting and money-spinning to the toils of love!

The sound of Myra's sobs irritated her. Her nerves were raw. She had a wild inclination to scream out. She bent over Myra.

"It is useless to cry," she said in a hard voice. "Someone once said to me that if women realised the uselessness of tears they would never grow old. You say that my husband married me because he robbed me. Have you proof of this?"

Involuntarily her eyes travelled to the jewels. "Sit down," said Myra hoarsely, "here, beside me, and I will tell you." She pushed back the heavy masses of her marvellous hair from her smooth brow with her left hand; her right held Hilda's wrist.

"You know Stephen Latham?" she said; "he has fled the country. Because, you think, he is a murderer. I know why he left London. Because . . ." She pushed her tear-stained face close to the shrinking girl, who nodded a vague assent.

Myra laughed harshly and shook her head. "You know Steve, and imagine him a murderer?" she murmured, almost incredulously. "I know better. I know that he left London before the Hindoo was murdered. I know why he left London. Because . . ." she gave a quick side-glance at Hilda, "unlike the lover-poet, he considered the happiness of a woman more than—his honour!"

Hilda started violently. She would have drawn away, but Myra held her fast. Again vague and indeterminate horror passed through her mind.

"A woman?" she cried sharply. "What woman?"

Myra answered with a certain sense of theatrical effect: "You are the woman!"

The girl wrenched herself away. The woman's

glittering, golden-brown eyes were as points of fire, which bit into her very flesh. "Oh, this is too much. You are mad, I think. No doubt, you are mad."

"Perhaps. I sometimes think we all are, on one side or another," said the other, with a cynical smile. "But this is plain truth. Please listen. It's an ugly story, but it's like some black marble, it's got a streak of gold running through it. A boy's devotion. Stephen Latham—well, I don't think he cared much for me—he'd high ideas where women were concerned, but his cast of mind was a bit feminine, it was always the woman he'd have stoned, not the man. It's remarkably odd how strong that desire is. But I never smiled a bitter little smile, 'I forgive him, he's young. Well, my dear, you possessed in excess all those qualities which I so conspicuously lack. He fell in love with you. In that love Robert Ferris saw his chance.'"

She stood up and took some restless steps about the room.

For a long time Robert's affairs have been shaky. He's been drawing, drawing, drawing from the firm. By all odds, it should have collapsed before. I was watching carefully—I couldn't understand at first, then I knew. He had used trust funds." She stopped and selected another cigarette; the mere pleasure of striking the match, seeing the smoke curl, seemed to be enough for her, for in her excitement she felt cigarettes die out and throw them away. Already the tiled hearth was littered with them.

"Go on," said Hilda. The delay chafed her, she clenched and unclenched her hands nervously.

"I'm not mawkish," Myra resumed, "I wrote and warned Bismar. I told him to know your business very well indeed," she smiled softly.

"You wrote too—to that man?" cried Hilda, in amazement.

"Oh, I had my own personal reasons," said Myra, bitterly. She clenched her hands together, remembering her poor, pitiful plans, and the Dead and the fruit of her schemes. Robert's plans, when ruined, Robert Ferris penniless, would turn to her when she offered him her fortune, her salvation.

She looked at the girl with burning eyes. Did the man love her? Was all her sacrifice in the past, her lost soul, as nothing? Again the desire wound and bruise the other's proud spirit, up in her; to plant a knife in the girl's heart. Last night the man had seemed so nearly won—and there was only this barrier between. If Hilda cast him off, would he not turn to her? She did not know that already the girl had taken flight from her home, had buried her boots behind her.

She sat down again beside Hilda.

"With Bismar's coming home Robert knew himself ruined. There would be inquiries, disclosure, bankruptcy, and worse than bankruptcy. He sent for Steve and explained things to him, and . . . for your sake Steve chose to take the burden of the embezzlement on his shoulders and fly the country." . . . As a reward, Robert Ferris makes him

She stopped abruptly. A silence followed on her words. Hilda shuddered. She did not question, only because her unbalanced mind swayed, in that hour, from trust to suspicion; she jumped to a conclusion that yesterday would have been impossible to her. This woman was implicated in the murder of the Hindoo—this woman and her lover, Robert Ferris. Perhaps they had murdered him and then robbed him. Vague ideas of Oriental magnificence floated through her brain; stories of things of incredible value carried about by eccentric men returned to her. She turned fiercely on Myra.

"If Stephen Latham is innocent, there is but one conclusion; you and—Robert Ferris are guilty," she said.

The woman shrugged her shoulders.

"My dear young lady," she replied, "you are amusing. What should I gain by staining my hands with blood? This estimable coloured gentleman—in what way has he harmed me?" She regretted having said so much. To part with the knowledge of Ferris's secret was to part with power. "You know as much as I do about this poor Indian's death—except, indeed, my knowledge that Latham is innocent. However, we cannot control our thoughts—and mine, frankly, they are not pleasant thoughts—even if love be stronger than the grave."

"You think—" began the girl in a whisper.

Myra interrupted her. "Go to your husband yourself; yes, that is best. Tax him with your knowledge and ask him why, above all things, ask him—are his hands clean?"

As Hilda stared at her in silence, from the street far below floated up the raucous voice of a newsboy, strong, in the sensation he shouted, to evade new buyers.

"Suicide of the Craven-street murderer!" The women looked at each other in silence, listening till that last drawn-out word died away into distance.

Dead! She could not believe it—she would not. The girl clenched her hands, forming vague words with her lips. Steve, bright, bold, boyish Stephen, dead—sacrificed, and so vainly sacrificed, to her peace and honour? She wrung her clasped hands. "Oh," she cried bitterly, "you and Robert Ferris between you! His death is on your heads—his death—Heaven knows what else."

And it was at that moment that Fate, utilising the person of the demure housemaid, knocked at the door and announced that in the dining-room Mr. Robert Ferris waited to see Mrs. Raycroft.

Charged with emotion, enthralling in its breathless interest, is every line of the instalment of this powerful human story to appear to-morrow.







Fels-Naptha 30 Wilson street London E.C.

The rivalry of the Socker game has made those interested in Rugby football bestir themselves if their own particular code is not to be entirely ousted from districts where once it reigned supreme. As a means of retaining a hold upon the youngsters who, after leaving school, drift away from the Rugby game for want of junior clubs, 'workshops' competitions have been started, and one just being promoted by Cleckheaton C.R. Club promises to be most successful. Already eighteen large works and places of business in Cleckheaton, Heckmondwike, Halifax, Bradford, and Leeds have signified their intentions of taking part.

A party of metropolitan swimmers, at present in Yorkshire, swam a 100 yards handicap at the Corporation Baths, Hull, yesterday morning, with the following result:—G. May (11yd. start), 1; P. Tichener (8yd.), 2; E. Bayley (scratch), 3. A splendid race was won by a foot or a similar distance dividing the second and third.

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# DIZZINESS and BILIOUSNESS

Almost Prevented This Artiste Performing.

## BILE BEANS CURED HIM.

ON AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY, Monday and Tuesday, 1903, one hundred thousand people, drawn from all parts of Yorkshire, stood in Roundhay Park, Leeds, and watched the extraordinary feats of Professor W. H. Davison on a rope a hundred feet above their heads. Not half a dozen people in that vast assembly of onlookers knew that had it not been for the great household remedy, Bile Beans, that wonderful performance could not have taken place. Yet such was the case. In June last, when Professor Davison was performing at Glasgow, he was taken very ill with biliousness, which so often brings dizziness in its train, and this makes a high-wire performance an impossibility. With him to forfeit an engagement means to lose a big sum; yet the dizziness, the bilious sensations, and the vertigo became so bad that he dare not attempt to go on the high wire.

### Medical Advice Free.

If you are in doubt as to whether Bile Beans are suitable for your case or not, write for FREE advice from our fully qualified medical staff. State age, and if Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Address PRIVATE, Bile Bean Co., Leeds.

yellow. I had an engagement at Glasgow, and went to fulfil it, but upon my arrival I was so bad that I dare not attempt my turn. I went under a doctor, but as I got no better I wrote to my wife to cancel my August engagement at the Leeds Hospital Gala, as I was too ill to appear. She wrote back assuring me, as she had done before, that Bile Beans would cure me if only I gave them a fair trial. I took her advice and, sure enough, Bile Beans proved my salvation. Within a week of commencing with them I was able to continue my Glasgow engagement, and then I appeared at Leeds, where I had a splendid reception, and went through a dangerous performance without a trace of dizziness or nervousness.

"I am quite sure that if it had not been for Bile Beans I should have been quite unable to perform at either Glasgow or Leeds. From the time that Bile Beans cured me I have not had a trace of dizziness, biliousness, or any allied symptom. I have performed at many places in various parts of the country, but wherever I go now I take with me a box of Bile Beans. I cannot speak too highly of them for liver ailments, biliousness, and dizziness."

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